

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Winter scene in Wharfedale, Yorkshire

J. Allan Cash

In this number:

Why Do Men Go on Strike? (T. T. Paterson)

The Sentence on the Guilty (Claud Mullins)

Christian Stocktaking—I (The Bishop of Bristol)



*Sealing electron gun
assemblies into
cathode ray tubes*

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

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President Eisenhower Takes Over

By JOSEPH HARSCH

THE surface story of the first week of the new Eisenhower Government in Washington could be well told, I think, as the story of an energetic but brash young man gaining admission to a staid and ancient club which possesses conventions of manners and behaviour unknown to the new member. Such an entrance is likely to produce problems of adjustment until the new member comes to understand and to accept the conventions of the old community.

Here in Washington, the news of the first week of the new political era has been almost exclusively about these problems of adjustment, which have been considerable. This is not surprising; it was inevitable, for governmental Washington is a club and most of its members retain their rights to their favourite chairs in the lounge, regardless of the whims of the voters on election day. The majority of the Congress, the mass of the civil service, and the members of the press are established in their memberships, and they are untouched in their positions and perquisites by a change of government.

For the most part, the new men who have been brought to power by President Eisenhower are strangers to the community and inexperienced in its conventions and its manners. In the new Cabinet there is only one man, John Foster Dulles, who has ever had to carry an important policy through the Congress, and only two, Mr. Dulles and Sinclair Weeks, who ever sat in the Congress, both briefly. To the others, Congress is something they met face to face for the first time when they appeared before its various committees this week to ask for confirmation to the posts assigned to them. Most of them had been well briefed for the initiation ceremony. One of them, a Mr. Charles Wilson, came to Washington from the vast factories of the General Motors Corporation in Detroit, without adequate briefing. Neither Mr. Wilson

himself nor, what is more surprising, the expensive solicitors of this biggest of all American industrial corporations were aware of the laws and customs which prohibit an official of government from holding shares in a company which does business with his branch of the Government. Efforts had been made to apprise Mr. Wilson of the rules and customs, yet he appeared before the Senate assuming somewhat truculently that he should be confirmed as Secretary of Defence, even though he possessed, and intended to keep, nearly £1,000,000 worth of shares in General Motors, and even though General Motors is the largest single supplier to the American armed services. Today Mr. Wilson is a wiser and a poorer man. He has had to agree to sell his shares, a process which will involve a tax of about £200,000. As is usually the case when an old club and a new member differ, it is the new member who defers.

The President's ambassadorial appointments have shown signs of the same unfamiliarity with old manners and customs. It was sheer ignorance of diplomatic customs which led Mr. Eisenhower's staff to announce the name of the prospective ambassador to London before the agreement of the British Sovereign had been obtained, and it was equal ignorance of senatorial customs which caused them to choose a prospective ambassador to India, without first securing the approval of the two Senators from the candidate's home state. In this case, the two Senators from the state of Nebraska had strong personal objections to the man who was to be honoured by the assignment to New Delhi. When the appointment of Governor Peterson of that state was reported, the two Senators declared that he was personally obnoxious to both of them. The Senate, by ancient custom, never confirms an appointment over such an objection. The appointment had to be withdrawn.

That such things can happen, and have happened, is due partly to peculiarities in the American system of government and partly to the unusual length of time since there has been a change of government in America. Under the American constitution, members of the Cabinet may not be members of the Congress. While most Presidents invite several sitting members of the Congress to resign their seats and take Cabinet posts, President Eisenhower has not done so. No member of his Cabinet was ever elected to Congress. Mr. Dulles and Mr. Weeks filled vacancies by appointment, and except for Mr. Dulles, none ever held a high position in the executive branch of the Government. Also it is twenty years since the Republicans have been in power. During those twenty years, most Republican members of the Congress, who remember being on the Government's side of the centre aisle, have died or been retired by the voters. There is not a single one left in the Senate. There are only fourteen in the House. Thus the difficulties of adjustment of the Eisenhower Government to Washington were inevitable. But while these small problems of adjustment have most of the Washington news of the first week, and have brought great solace to the spirits of the Democrats, it would be both a distortion and a mischief to draw conclusions from them or to present the new Administration only in terms of its social mis-steps. Anyone who can remember a first day in a club will be both sympathetic and charitable. What the new members of the Washington political club may lack in familiarity with conventions, they more than make up for in enthusiasm and their determination to make America a more effective force in the world.

A Collection of Good Generalities

The President's inaugural address has been called 'a collection of generalities'. It was also a collection of good generalities. It left a vast number of specific questions unanswered but, in that respect, President Eisenhower was either wittingly or accidentally thoroughly conventional. The important thing is that he used only those generalities which conform with the needs of an alliance of free peoples in a period of perplexity and trouble. There was not a single concession in the speech—either to the old isolationists or to the new nationalists of the President's own party. Off-hand I can think of only three prominent people who had real cause for disappointment, all three of them 'tower dwellers'. One would be Colonel Robert McCormick of the *Chicago Tribune* tower; the other two would be Herbert Hoover and General Douglas MacArthur of the Waldorf tower in New York. I can pretend to no knowledge of the probable reactions of Kremlin 'tower dwellers'.

Since the inaugural speech, the really important activities of the Eisenhower Government, the activities which will eventually provide the answers to specific questions, have been carried on behind closed doors. This is no time, therefore, to try to tell you precisely what the new President meant in his inaugural speech by emphasis on 'regional alliances'; or precisely how he and his new Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, propose to revive momentum towards European unity; or what may emerge in practice from their campaign-period talk of a 'more dynamic foreign policy' and a liberation. There is, so far, only one tangible piece of fact upon which speculation in these areas could be based. That fact is that the new President gave his personal attention this week* to the reorganisation of an obscure agency of the American Government named the Board of Psychological Strategy. This is a small and experimental agency of recent origin which has served mostly as a place for trying to fit together the work of the State Department, the Defence Department, and the Central Intelligence Agency. In practice it has been a small secretariat for a sub-committee of the Cabinet, entrusted with the special tasks of conducting what could be called 'the cold war operations of the American Government'. President Eisenhower apparently intends to make this agency his main vehicle for trying to carry out his campaign promise: to gain a victory without casualties in the so-called 'cold war'.

Before President Eisenhower took office, he appointed a special commission of specialists in intelligence matters to plan a reorganisation of the function and personnel of the Board of Psychological Strategy. He put at its head General Omar Bradley, the former Deputy Chief of Intelligence during the last war. This week President Eisenhower accepted the resignation of the existing Chairman of the Board and conferred with three members of the Study Commission. One of the three, Mr. Alan Dulles, brother of the new Secretary of State, was named Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. From this, we are entitled to deduce that the new President has given immediate thought to the machinery for managing American cold war operations. But it is

one thing to be able to deduce urgent concern for machinery, and quite another to anticipate the future products of that machinery.

The one provable fact is that Mr. Eisenhower is trying to build a better instrument for managing the American operations. To this it can be added that the new managers of American foreign policy believe that the Truman Administration was dangerously passive and static in its operations. They also believe that the times not only require but also permit a livelier, more imaginative set of policies, designed to help the Russians find happiness in a lesser, rather than in a larger, portion of the globe than they now control. But how this is to be done is a matter which no Washington correspondent is yet in a position to clarify.

Urgent Problem of Germany

The purposes of the new Administration are known but the ways and means remain to be found. At the present moment, the urgent, operating problem is considered to be Germany, and Germany's prospective relations with the other members of the European community. Mr. Dulles is going to Germany at the end of this week to see for himself what the trouble seems to be and to discover, if he can, what can be done about it. He goes without any dogmatic beliefs about the solution, but guided by the conviction of the President that European unity is still a much-to-be-desired condition. As for all the talk about a policy of liberation of satellite countries, this can be said, I think: liberation is regarded by everyone around the new President as a desirable goal, but also one to be approached with care and caution.

When Mr. George Kennan, the last American ambassador to Moscow, delivered a public speech arguing against what might be called 'an activist approach to liberation', his new superiors were displeased, but Mr. Kennan has not been dismissed from the Diplomatic Service and the matter of his speech has been declared by Mr. Dulles to be a closed issue. My own sense of the true proportion of the matter is that Mr. Dulles sees no reason why the Russians should be allowed to become complacent about their conquests while they continue to give us so much cause to be concerned about the safety of the portion of the globe which we can still call ours, or at least, not theirs. However, we must wait for the specific answers—partly because the new policy-makers are far from being clear about their path ahead, and partly because they intend, as much as possible, to let the Russians do the guessing for a change.

Meanwhile, I would submit a contention that the net product of the first week of the new American political era has been healthy. If the Eisenhower Administration had a liability and a fault when it took over the American Government, it was a perceptible tendency to self-righteousness. Mr. Wilson's trouble in reconciling his shares with his conscience makes it clear to all that Eisenhower men like Truman men are subject to human frailty.—*Home Service*

E. A. F. Harding: 1903-1953

WE RECORD WITH DEEP REGRET the death on January 25 of Mr. E. A. F. Harding who since 1949 has been assistant head of the B.B.C.'s drama department. Mr. Harding joined the Corporation in 1927 and among the appointments he held were those of North Regional Programme Director and Director of the Staff Training School.

Mr. Harman Grisewood writes:

'A rare combination of qualities was required in those who were to contribute most to the foundations upon which the B.B.C. has built its tradition of practical skill. Archie Harding possessed these qualities and gave them abundantly to British broadcasting in the crucial formative years. Throughout twenty-five years of service he continued to apply the notable virtues of a pioneer, chief among which perhaps is: delight in discovery. He had great gifts of the practical and of the speculative intelligence. He was one who gave to the profession of broadcasting in this country a character of wide sympathies and high ideals.

'His was a daring nature; he enjoyed experiment and he had an unflinching zest for the discussion of results. He had a keen appreciation of comfort and ease, but in his work the most exacting and difficult was for him the most enticing lure. He would do his very best for the sheer love of the thing. He had the charm and humour of the truly adventurous. He knew the value of a sense of risk and was wisely compassionate towards failure.

'What is accounted now by the listener as valuable in many branches of broadcasting owes much to Harding's many-sided personality and to the exploratory self-critical expression of it in his work'.

Canada's Iron Treasure

By MATTHEW HALTON

A GREAT Canadian Prime Minister, Sir Wilfred Laurier, once said that 'the twentieth century will be Canada's', and for fifty years Canadians have been brought up on those proud and hopeful words. Until recently, however, it seemed that Canada, though she had vast riches of many kinds, lacked two things essential for real industrial power and greatness: oil and iron. But now there have been discoveries of both. The oil reserves of the Canadian west are known to be very great and may prove to be enormous. And the iron ore deposits of the Canadian north-east, in Ungava and Labrador, only recently discovered, are certainly enormous, and are now being developed. I spent several weeks there last summer, and watched the pioneers building a 400-mile railway through impossible country, and big hydro-electric plants in the heart of the north—and building them from the air—to get at the iron wealth. It is a big, bold, and dramatic project, one which compares with almost any of the great enterprises in the history of North America.

One summer day more than 400 years ago, the French mariner Jacques Cartier sailed into the wide mouth of the St. Lawrence river and stopped first in a natural harbour protected by seven small islands. He sailed on for 500 miles up the great river to the Indian camps of Stadacona and Hochelaga, which were to become Quebec and Montreal. And when he got back to St. Malo in Brittany over a year later he told his heroic tale. He told his people, according to the poem which Canadian schoolchildren read:

He told them of a region, hard, ironbound, and cold,

Where no seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold

—and with the word 'ironbound' Cartier, or the poet, had spoken more truly than he knew. Over aeons and cycles of geological time, from 400,000,000 to 700,000,000 years ago, various torments and changes in the earth had deposited, north of Seven Islands, billions of tons of iron ore. And the deposits of the iron age had lain there, just under the glacial scabble and the moss, in that wilderness of rock, muskeg, snow, and lakes and rivers, until today.

Seven Islands is today a boom town, where the docks are being built and where the railway starts. The railway is going nearly 400 miles north to two camps called Knob Lake and Burnt Creek in the Labrador Trough, where the iron is. No seas of pearl and no mines of

shining gold—but billions of tons of iron ore. Andrew Carnegie once said: 'Gold is precious but iron ore is priceless'—though it is worth only about £3 a ton. It is priceless because it is the basic ingredient of steel and therefore the backbone of industrial and military power. For a century America has got its iron from the hills ringing Lake



Helicopter arriving to pick up surveyors after a day's work in the bleak, rocky country of Ungava, Labrador



Diamond drill, operated from a truck, exploring for iron ore in the Ungava region

Canadian National Film Board

Superior. But this ore is being used at the rate of 82,000,000 tons a year, and the end is not very far away. Within a few years the supply will begin to diminish. But fortunately vast new supplies have been discovered in Brazil and Venezuela, and, more important strategically and for Canada, in Ungava and Labrador. In that forbidding land the Iron Ore Company of Canada has already drilled and proved over 400,000,000 tons of very high-grade ore. More than 200,000,000 tons are within only a mile or two of the base camp at Knob Lake. They made fantastic discoveries there. Once when they were bulldozing a road they uncovered high-grade iron ore only two feet below the surface. They found an ore body of 15,000,000 tons while digging holes for telephone posts. And they found quite by accident that the base camp at Burnt Creek was built on another ore body containing 11,000,000 tons.

One night at Knob Lake I was driving through the black spruce in a jeep with Dr. A. E. Moss, the chief geologist, and on one ridge we stopped to watch the northern lights. It was eleven o'clock but still not dark. We saw snowdrifts, still there in July. We saw a caribou a hundred yards away. We shivered in the cold wind. Great shafts of green and orange light were dancing from the horizon to the

zenith. Dr. Moss said suddenly: 'You see that blue ridge over there, about fifteen miles away? There's 100,000,000 tons of iron ore in that hill—we've drilled it. That's a billion dollars worth of iron. This whole enormous wasteland is heavy with mineral: zinc, cobalt, copper, and billions of tons of iron ore. Make any estimate you like of what there is in Quebec and Labrador, and I won't say no'.

The iron treasure, then, is there. But to get it they have to build a railway through country where at first people said no railway could be built. They are doing it: I have ridden on a diesel train through the gorges of the Moisie river. And to get power for the docks at Seven Islands and for the mining of the ore itself they have to dam great rivers and build hydro-electric plants in the heart of the north. It is a story of brains and brawn, of big thinking and big doing. The slogan is: 'Iron ore by 'fifty-four': and by 1954 the trains, each carrying 10,000 tons of ore, will be clattering through the desolate land. I travelled in Labrador in many ways—by big aeroplanes and small float-planes and helicopter, by canoe and motor-canoe and lake scow, by truck, tractor and jeep, and once by horse—but also I rode the railway, and heard the diesel-train whistle, like a ship's siren, wailing through the wasteland.

It is a country of cruel beauty; last and loneliest. As they all say up there, 'up the line', 'it's the land God gave Cain'. Rocks and bog and sand and stunted spruce and dreadful cold and never a real summer; and when there is any warm weather the mosquitoes drive you crazy and the tiny black flies gouge you till you bleed. The land is barren. Just muskeg and water and rock and moss. The muskeg covers the country, and the greeny-white caribou moss, a lichen really, covers the muskeg. But the most striking thing is the waters, the great dangerous rushing black rivers and the tens of thousands of lonely black lakes. I first flew up to Knob Lake in an aircraft full of Newfoundlanders and of new Canadians—Dutch, Italian, German, and Polish workers—and wondered whether the world below was a land full of water or a sea full of land. In one river there are the Hamilton Falls, higher than Niagara, which some day will make 4,000,000 horses of electricity. We saw country that has never yet been mapped; country that has 30,000 miles of labyrinthine lakes. The waters, incidentally, are teeming with marvellous trout. I have caught them, believe it or not, as fast as I could cast, speckled trout between two and five pounds. You can catch dozens before breakfast.

That is the country; and, underneath the spruce and the moss and the glacial debris, the billions of tons of iron ore. One evening at Knob Lake I left the camp and walked out into the forest silence, now broken by the moiling and toiling of men. One could almost think of Labrador as brooding over her new destiny—and on the tragic world situation that makes the urgent need for iron and drives the railway on. Men seek iron not so much for homes and smiling towns but for tanks and guns; and so they come to this iron land—'monstrous, moody, pathetic, the last of the lands and the first'—that has been waiting so long for men to need her and seize her.

The most dramatic thing about this whole dramatic project is that the railway and the hydro-electric plants and everything else are being built, so to speak, from the air. In that country it would have been too slow and costly, if not impossible, to push the railway in step by step from Seven Islands. They wanted to get started on it quickly at many points along the route; and at the same time the company wanted to be working on the mining at Knob Lake, and on the dam and power plant at Menihék, thirty miles from Knob Lake. So they built a dozen airstrips all along the route and organised a very big air lift. Does it sound easy? It was not. First, the helicopters and small float-planes

flew a few men and a few tools into the sites picked from the air. The few men with the few tools prepared the way for somewhat bigger aircraft, with more men and more and bigger tools, till rough air strips could be built. Then the DC-threes could sail in with heavier equipment to improve the airstrips and build 'tote' roads and start the road-bed. From each airstrip they worked in both directions—and the railway was under way at a dozen points. Everything had to be flown in, from the first man and the first axe to the twenty-ton bulldozers—which had to be cut to pieces with acetylene torches to get them into the aircraft, and then welded together again when they got there. They are flying 5,000,000 pounds of freight a month and 4,000 passengers.

The railway—the Quebec North Shore and Labrador—is the first major railway to be built in North America for fifty years. That fact in itself created a problem. To find good railway construction engineers they had to bring old men out of retirement and borrow others about

to retire. The youngest of the location engineers, who select the route for the steel, is sixty. The ones I met were having the time of their lives. They felt they were pioneers again, going 'behind the ranges', pushing the badlands back. And what badlands! As one man said: 'I'm glad this country's got iron. It's got nothing else except hell and black flies and bog'. I have seen surveyors exhausted and almost beaten by the muskeg. Sometimes they cannot find bottom to set up their instruments. But as they all say: 'She's got to go!'—the railway has got to go. The bulldozers go tearing into the forest, and there is the cracking and rending of the spruce. The big drag-line buckets scoop out the muskeg to a depth of thirty feet. Then they fill in the great trench with sand and rock. And there is the road-bed, pushing back the badlands for another hard-won few yards. Scores of men quit every week, and are flown out; and scores more are flown in.

This talk could end with a description of Seven Islands on the St. Lawrence—a raw, vigorous, Canadian pioneer town sprawling there along the sands. It is not a beautiful town: new boom towns never are. So much is being built so quickly. There is even a night club, called El Morocco. Men are always coming in from the bush with fat pay packets. And the taverns do a roaring and singing business. The terrible juke boxes are never silent.

There is even a yacht club in Seven Islands—much less sedate than any other yacht club I have seen.

I would like my story to end, however, not at Seven Islands, but back in the north, even beyond Knob Lake, where men are looking for ever more and more of the wealth of the north. As you fly in a small seaplane with one of the bush pilots—those northern adventurers—you see below you suddenly a canoe, painted bright orange so that it can be easily seen. It marks one of the little camps of geologists and prospectors who are surveying and mapping. The pilot circles the lake to choose a course where there are no rocks, and comes down and taxis to the camp. You paddle the little aircraft in to shore and tie it up like a boat. Bearded, grinning young men come forward to get their food supplies for a week, and their mail. Black flies and mosquitoes come forward to taste new blood. And you are in a bush camp with the men who find the minerals. They go out each day by canoe or on foot through the waste of boulders and scrub and morass. They come back to the tent to enter their finds, to make their topographical and geological maps. And when they are ready to move on to a new site, the aircraft comes in again. They stow their gear inside; they fasten their canoe to one of the floats; and they go on to some other lost, black, unnamed lake; on behind the ranges; diving scientifically here and there into the sea of mineral which is the Canadian north; making the way for the railways that will come; seeking iron for an iron age.—*Home Service*



Pioneer at Burnt Creek in the iron ore area

Canadian National Film Board

Why Do Men Go on Strike?

By T. T. PATERSON

THE striker is unloved, unhonoured and unsung; above all, he is largely unstudied'. So says Mr. Knowles in the very first sentence of his book.* Then he proceeds to rectify this state of affairs in a detailed study, the only one of its kind, of the history of strikes in this country. This historical study, in my opinion, is definitive, if not final, and a work of lasting value. The range of sources, as shown by footnotes, is vast, yet the author is a true eclectic in his choice of the apt quotation. I opened the book at random and found this quotation on unofficial strikes: 'the only man who desires to strike for fun is the man who wants to go to hell for a pastime'; and there was this quotation on the closed shop: 'we might as well have a live cat in our belly as live with union men and not join the union'.

Salted Speech

Mr. Knowles was quoting there but his own writing is just as lively. This is his conception of the origin of the word 'strike'. 'Up to 1922 we were a navalist nation in something of the sense in which Germany was a militarist one. Sea water flowed in our veins, our speech was salted with nautical metaphors and similes: we knew the ropes, we quickly took our bearings, we got under way, we were seldom taken aback: things went swimmingly with us; if we found ourselves in deep water we tacked, veered, or trimmed until all was plain sailing again: we worked like galley slaves, and if we chose to stop work we struck work as one might strike a mast or sail'. A subject potentially dry and ponderously serious, has been made readable. In the second part of the book Mr. Knowles seeks for causes of strikes by analysis of statistical data over the period from 1911 onwards. Straight away economic determinism rears its head. He seeks causes by comparing the fluctuations in strikes and economic indices; but the result is not very satisfactory, for, as he points out, there are many non-economic factors involved. Altogether a most exhaustive search for causes is disappointing, as much to the reader as to the author: there is no clear picture. But before any search further afield could be undertaken this work was absolutely essential.

Two points are worthy of special notice. First, the long, official, union-led strike has gone—it is now used mainly as a threat. Since 1926, strikes more and more have become short and unofficial: the kind of strike that is losing us so much coal, for example. Knowles believes this type of strike to be a rebellion against the authority of the unions, but I think Dennis Bell, the trade-union expert, puts it more clearly, when he says: 'It is centralised collective bargaining which has made the unofficial strike the characteristic dispute in Great Britain. Negotiations are prolonged in the effort to reach a settlement while dissatisfaction with working conditions and impatience at delay find their outlet in the unofficial strike'. To my mind, this refers mainly to the form of dispute and its development, but the ultimate cause of strikes is another matter. Dissatisfaction with working conditions and impatience at delay are precipitating causes—no more than the last straw, according to Knowles.

The second point to notice is Knowles' belief that the fundamental causes of strikes are mainly what he calls the imponderables of 'bad social conditions, fatigue, and frustration at work, and the low social status of the worker'. And he leaves it at that. I presume he calls them imponderables because measurable data on these strike-causing conditions are not available to him, for which reason Knowles suggests that field work on strikes is essential. In other words, he sees the need for the marriage of the historical approach—his own—to the functionalist approach, a study of strikes as they are; for only on the spot can we see and measure factors which are not usually recorded. An industrial sociologist and field worker, such as I am, would have begun with that assumption.

However, there are deeper implications in Knowles' method. In seeking for causes he properly rejects the overt reason for striking since it hides an inner reason; he rejects the strikers' rationalisation for their action, their justification for striking. In seeking these hidden motives

behind strikes he first of all postulates rational economic causes. Having discovered that these motives do not provide an answer he is forced to assume other motives, his imponderables. These, again, are rational for him. If he did not assume the existence of these imponderables, then strikes would be irrational.

He is doing as we all do, seeking causal relationships in a logic of events. And when we cannot find such causal relationships we think the activity is irrational. As Professor Sargent Florence says: 'The middle-class conception of labour unrest is of some sinister infection, elusive and intangible'. In other words, the strike so often is something we cannot understand because the strikers appear to be irrational in the light of generally accepted ideas of what is rational and irrational. As a matter of fact, if you ask a striker why he is on strike, as I have so often done, you find either that he cannot tell you or his reason is one which you know to be a rationalisation on something he cannot explain. He wants to be as rational about his own behaviour as we all do.

It is 'natural' for us to seek causal relationships for it is part of the ethos of our western culture. But let us try to emancipate ourselves from that way of looking at strikes, and use a functionalist approach, asking, instead of 'why do men strike?', 'what does a strike do?'. Let us keep away from any attempt whatsoever to find cause.

To answer the question 'what does a strike do?' I believe that the strike is fundamentally a response, by reduction of work, to some psychological need of the strikers. This is a general statement which has no subjective content. I could, for example, have said 'rejection' of work or even 'avoidance' of work, but such words are so coloured by emotion the objectivity of approach would be lost at once. Let us look at other activities which, like the strike, answer psychological needs by reduction of work. There are, for example, disputes which do not lead to strikes, absenteeism, lateness, ca'canny, working to rule, rate-fixing, accidents, some types of sickness, high labour turnover, damage of machinery—one might even add tea drinking and manipulation of paper, as well as organisational failure in bottle-necks. All these activities cannot be observed in any one particular situation, but there are often several which can be measured in one way or another. Frequently, of course, they are obscured by other variables such as change of environment, new machinery, influx of new personnel, even painting of walls and better lighting. But sometimes these variables are at a minimum, or can be allowed for.

In such cases I find that there emerges a pattern, a form of dynamic relationship in change, of these activities. If they alter they do so in the same way, and consistently. I repeat myself: no one activity is related to another in terms of causality, they are related in change, that is all. Some of these relationships have been remarked upon by Knowles, in particular the relationship between accidents, absenteeism, and strikes, but he does not pursue the matter further in this methodology of pattern, as I might call it. He recognises, without saying so, that a pattern is likely to exist when he says 'strikes are not, of course, an inevitable symptom of industrial unrest. A high rate of labour turnover, absenteeism, inefficiency, sickness, and accidents, or intense political activity, may also be signs of it'.

'Group Behaviour'

As activities which answer a psychological need by reduction of work, the strike, ca'canny, working to rule and rate-fixing are essentially forms of *group* behaviour; and in contrast, absenteeism, sickness, and labour turnover are properly forms of *individual* behaviour to the same end. It is interesting to note that Knowles, in several places, remarks on the greater tendency to strike just where group activity finds best expression, as for instance, in the mining industry, which is my particular field of study.

If each one of these activities is observed as an isolated phenomenon there can be no external relationship except in terms of causality; it then so frequently appears irrational. But looked at as an element of a pattern of activities it is rational, for the pattern is rational in its

(continued on page 189)

**Strikes*. By K. G. J. C. Knowles. Blackwell, 42s.

The Listener

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Translator's Art

THE art of translation consists in combining vivacity with accuracy. Literal translation is as a rule the bane of a reader. On the other hand to render into English the style and sparkle of a foreign original without departing from the precise meaning of the author is by no means an easy task. Thus the art of translation frequently presents problems of compromise. When it comes to the Bible—the latest translation of which is discussed by Professor Manson elsewhere in THE LISTENER this week—the question is further complicated because the work is usually done by committees. If committees make the best translators it is an exception to a general rule in scholarship and art. Whatever may be the defects of Dr. Moffat's or Monsignor Knox's translations of the Testaments at least they bear the impress of one mind. Team work is excellent in building and in democratic government, but in translation?—one is forced to wonder.

The Authorised Version of 1611, the Revised Version of 1885, and the present Revised Standard Version, which was carried out by a group of translators centred on Yale University, were all co-operative ventures and all are related to each other. When the Revised Version was made the scholars aimed at altering the English just sufficiently to secure accuracy and clearness and to correct the Authorised Version in the light of progress in Hebrew and Greek scholarship. The Yale version, as Professor Manson explains, embodies the result of more recent research and 'gets rid of a large mass of obsolete English words and idioms'. Thus it is an even more complex kind of compromise. The reason for retaining a good deal of the language of the Authorised Version is that readers and worshippers are used to it, and it was therefore thought to be a better way of tackling the problem of a new translation than to render the original texts into modern American.

Opinions will be, and are, divided about the result. Professor Manson likes and defends it. One's judgment, from the purely literary as distinct from the theological point of view, must be determined largely by what one thinks of the Authorised Version. Miss C. V. Wedgwood in a recent assessment is critical.

The language (she writes) was a century out of date in 1611 and was drained of those brisk, concrete, personal touches which were typical of the natural, native prose of England. . . . The translators, however, not only adopted the archaic style of the last century; they respected the verbal inspiration of the original so deeply that they translated idiomatic phrases word for word, a habit which makes often for an unearthly grandeur and mystery but sometimes for mere confusion.

The confusion has now presumably been straightened out. But nevertheless many of the sentences and phrases have become so woven into the language of educated men and women that they will be abandoned with a pang. Early sixteenth-century English as employed by the theologians approved by King James I and the labours of twentieth-century scholars under the patronage of Yale University seem, on the face of it, to be an odd combination. But everyone will have his own taste. The Christian believer will certainly require accuracy before all else; and the lover of fine English will assuredly keep the old Authorised Version on his bookshelves and occasionally take it down.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on President Eisenhower's speech

WHILE BROADCASTS FROM BEHIND the Iron Curtain last week uttered calls for vigilance against 'enemies' everywhere as a result of the alleged discovery of the Moscow doctors' plot, broadcasts from the western world concentrated on President Eisenhower's inaugural address.

From the United States the *New York Times* was quoted as follows:

Foreign comment has not overlooked the new President's call for international solidarity and unity, which in the case of western Europe is interpreted as a warning to 'unite or perish'. Thus the free nations in general, and western Europe in particular, are now fully aware that the great expectations they put on President Eisenhower are matched by the great expectations he puts on them. The degree to which these mutual expectations can be fulfilled will determine in large measure the course that history will take.

The *Christian Science Monitor* was quoted for the following comment:

There was an overall impression of a more dynamic effort to combat communism. . . . The key theme was faith in freedom.

Many commentators in western Europe made the same observations and emphasised that the new President rejects the idea of preventive war, but also rejects appeasement. From Australia, the *Sydney Sun* was quoted as saying:

Australia, with the rest of the world that is free, stands behind the American people in the struggle against communist enslavement and wishes the new President success in the crusade to free the world from fear.

From India the *Hindustan Times* was quoted as follows:

India, like other nations, while welcoming President Eisenhower in his hour of supreme responsibility, will cherish the hope that American policy under him will stress and serve the needs of peace in a war-torn world.

From China, the *Peking People's Daily* described the speech as outlining a policy of aggression, plunder, and enslavement:

The first principle is to develop strength. But with nauseating hypocrisy he pretended to abhor war. In the second principle, however, Eisenhower immediately let out that his solution for the issues of the day was still that of a soldier, that is war. . . . *America uber alles* is the keynote of the third principle. . . . Cracking his whip, he demanded that the leaders of the western nations strive with renewed vigour to unite under the dictate of Washington. . . . Lastly, Eisenhower stressed that the United Nations must be, in his words, an effective force in carrying out Washington's plans for world domination.

From the Soviet zone of Germany, *Berliner Zeitung* was quoted for the hope that President Eisenhower will agree to the meeting recently proposed with Stalin. A broadcast from Prague—the scene of the recent Slansky trial—had the irony to affirm that anti-Semitism was spreading in America. From the United States itself, on the other hand, many newspapers were quoted on the subject of the growing evidence of Jewish persecution behind the Iron Curtain. The *New York Times* expressed the view that the Soviet regime had now declared a state of open hostility against Israel, Zionism, and the Jews in general:

The fantastic nature of the charges of espionage and sabotage now being made in Moscow cannot disguise the serious import of these accusations. They bode ill for nearly 3,000,000 Jews left behind the Iron Curtain. They bode ill also for the free world in general. For they are an obvious attempt to add anti-Semitism to the Soviet arsenal of psychological warfare that already includes anti-imperialism, anti-colonialism, and anti-Americanism, and thus may be designed to prepare the ground for new Soviet moves either in Germany or in the Middle East.

Broadcasts from Syria continued to cite the Moscow revelations about the doctors as evidence of the alleged wicked Zionist conspiracy. A broadcast in Arabic from Jordan radio alleged that 'international Jewry' were deliberately propagating the idea of a coming purge of Jews in the Soviet world in order to 'strengthen the influence of the Jews with the western press through stirring up feelings of sympathy and pity for their alleged persecution at the hands of the communist enemy'. But 'international Jewry—which today is accused of working for the Western Powers in the communist states—was, and is still, working for communism in the democratic states'. One of the more fantastic anti-Zionist broadcasts from eastern Europe was that from Budapest alleging that the President of 'Joint', as a shareholder of I.G. Farbenindustrie, had made profits out of supplying 'gas for the Auschwitz death camp' where so many Jews had perished.

Did You Hear That?

A FINE MOSAIC

IN THE reconstructed city centre of Coventry there is a new bridge spanning a street. On the entrance to this bridge is a large mosaic which has just been completed by René Antoniotti, an Italian artist. The mosaic depicts the Coventry martyrs, the eleven men and women who were burned at the stake in Coventry for adhering to their religious principles in the sixteenth century. HARDIMAN SCOTT, a B.B.C. reporter, described the new mosaic in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'I watched Mr. Antoniotti putting the finishing touches to it', he said. 'It ripples with life and colour. It is made of upwards of 100,000 tiny pieces of stone, granite, marble, glass, and enamel. They are called *tesserae*, and each one is chipped to shape and carefully bedded into a compound of lime and cement. Among these tiny *tesserae* are onyx from Brazil, quartz from Derbyshire, marble from Connemara, and enamel and stone from Italy, Belgium, France, Spain, and Canada. It has been made exactly like the famous mosaics at Ravenna, and the thousands of little *tesserae* reflect and mirror the light, giving a wonderful sense of rhythm to the whole composition.'

'The martyrs are eleven formal figures. In the mosaic they wear flowing gowns and doublets of blue and green, and red and rust, and the surround of flame is vivid with orange and gold. And above their heads is the gold martyr's crown on a background of graded blues and purples. The crown is set with ruby glass made in Coventry. It is a magnificent work of art'.



The mosaic depicting the Coventry martyrs, by René Antoniotti (who is seen on the right)

PARACHUTING FOR FUN

'In England no one has yet had the initiative to start a civil school of parachuting, mainly for lack of financial backing', said PHYL WEIR in a Home Service talk, 'but in France there are many such schools and parachuting is a widely developed sport. The *Ecole de Parachutisme* was formed in Paris in 1945. It was started by people who believed in the parachute not only as a means of saving life but as a popular piece of sporting equipment.'

'In this sport France leads the world. They believe in a thorough

mental and physical training, and the success of their methods is shown especially by Pierre Lard, the world champion, and Monique Laroche, who holds the women's record with a delayed drop of seventy-four seconds from a height of 12,000 feet.

'During my year's stay in Paris, I spent several weeks at a training centre at Sens to study their methods and gain a French licence. This included a six-months' course in theory, parachute packing, ground training and sports. At first, I used to swear I would never dare to jump with a parachute I had packed myself—but now I am very reluctant to trust anyone else's packing. High-jumping was never one of my strong points but I found that unless I could pass a sports examination, which included high jump as well as sprinting, rope climbing, and putting the weight, I should not receive a licence to jump out of aircraft. Previous experience did not count. After written examinations, and packing and sports tests, the prospective parachutist may take a three-weeks' course at national or regional centres. These centres are subsidised by the French Government and parachutes are provided.'

'At the club near Paris, the members pay for each jump, according to the height to which the aircraft climbs. Five parachutists jump in a stick and an instructor goes along to act as "master of ceremonies".'

'On the first course of three weeks, the trainees do fifteen static-line jumps (those in which the parachute opens automatically), one into water, one by night. Night jumps are always more dangerous because it is so difficult to tell when the ground is close, and of course if you are going to jump into water you have to learn to get free of the harness before landing. In the second course the jumps are ripcord and delayed drops. The course ends with delays of ten seconds before pulling the ripcord. From this the trainees progress to delayed drops of up to eighty seconds from heights of over 12,000 feet.'

'The speed at which a parachutist falls during a delayed drop starts at only a few feet for the first second: by the end of twelve seconds he is falling at 120 miles an hour. This is his terminal velocity so that after twelve seconds he will go on losing height at a rate of 160 feet a second. The layman is inclined to imagine that parachute jumping is just a matter of leaping and holding your breath. But there is at least as much technical study in parachuting as in any other sport. Apart from the ground study and packing, you should have a knowledge of winds and be able to make mathematical calculations. The most fascinating part of a jump is the free fall before the chute opens. The position calls for precision, quick judgment,



Scene from 'The Great Detective', a new ballet with choreography by Margaret Dale, which had its first performance at the Sadler's Wells theatre on January 21. Sherlock Holmes (Kenneth Macmillan) and Dr. Watson (Stanley Holden) are seen in pursuit of Professor Moriarty (also played by Kenneth Macmillan). The ballet was described by Ivor Jones, B.B.C. reporter, in a recent edition of 'The Eye-witness'.

and clear thinking. If you fall with no effort to control the position of the body, spins or other figures may develop, which may have rather unpleasant results. Free falling is the branch which is still open to much research and is therefore the most interesting.

'The variety of jumps is almost limitless—static-line, ripcord, delayed, night jumps, water jumps, group drops, balloon and helicopter jumps. There are always different types of aircraft to try out and various sorts of parachute. The technicalities of the parachute itself could easily fill a large-sized book'.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

An exhibition of Italian books is being given by the National Book League and the Italian Institute in London. It was described by SIR FRANCIS MEYNELL in 'The Eye-witness'.

'You can look at this remarkable exhibition from various points of view', he said, 'for example, its money value. In the section that I am reviewing, the books up to 1800, there are about 300 books with an average value of about £400 a book; and, still on the money line, you could calculate that it would cost you a good £100 of today's travel allowance to see these books abroad when they are returned to their owners.

'Or you can look at the exhibition from the historical point of view: the first books ever published on cookery, on fencing, and, yes, on dancing, and surgery, and the very first commercial arithmetic book. And then there are first editions of Dante, and of Petrarch, the first Italian bible, the first edition of Galileo announcing his discovery of the four satellites of Jupiter—and "firsts" of many other ancient Italian inventions and discoveries in the sciences and arts.

'Or again, you could look at the exhibition as a collection of objects of great beauty. The Italians were unequalled in illustrated books—books illustrated in the 1500s with wonderful woodcuts and in later centuries with copperplate engravings. And as Mr. J. Irving Davis points out in his catalogue, the earlier books were produced and illustrated in just the same artistic climate and under the same rich influences as produced the superlative paintings of Giovanni Bellini and Botticelli and Ghirlandaio. These great painters did not themselves, as far as I know, illustrate books; but they could not have done it better than their unnamed brother artists who did illustrate them—and there is a plausible conjecture that Titian illustrated the *Aretino* of 1537 and Leonardo da Vinci the book of poems of 1493 and the *Antiquarie Prospettive Romane* of 1500. The marvel of these woodcut books is that there are scores of them just as good as the three I have named.

'If you are interested in printing as printing, there is never likely to be a chance like this one again in your lifetime. Here is a rich copy of the most beautiful of all books—the Venetian *Poliphilo*. Here is a perfect specimen of Jenson's perfect type, which inspired our own Doves Press, and here is the Subiaco type, halfway between black letter and roman, which St. John Hornby, that great modern

printer, used as the model for his letters. Here is a Vatican type-specimen book printed—the Vatican only knows why!—on silk. Here, dated 1501, is the first use of italic type by Aldus, his invention, for italics had never been designed before'.

DEER IN OUR FORESTS

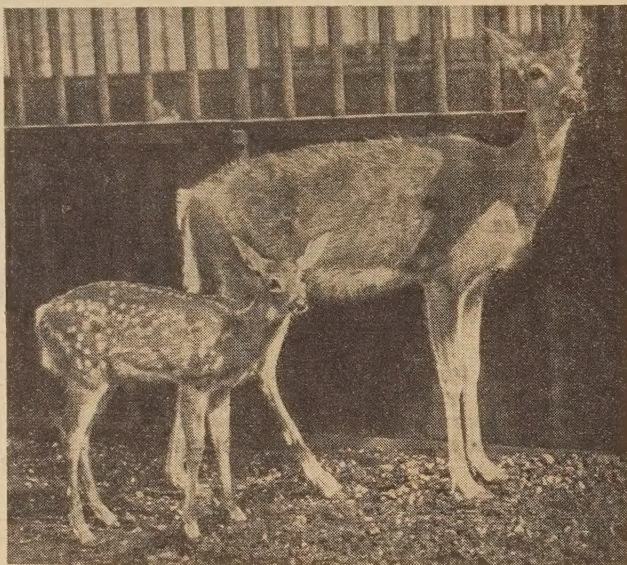
'Many people think of deer as dwellers in the high hills', observed HERBERT EDLIN in 'Open Air', 'or else perhaps as half-domesticated animals kept mainly in parks around great country houses. But actually they are woodland beasts, which have gradually been driven to the mountains, or herded into enclosures, by the spread of agriculture and the disappearance of our greater forests. With the slow but steady increase in the extent of the Forestry Commission's new woodlands, the deer are spreading again, and two or three new species have begun to establish themselves among our fauna.

'Today, in the New Forest and its surrounding woodlands, there are four kinds of deer, all truly wild. For their size they are remarkably secretive creatures. The best times to observe them are dawn and dusk, when they leave the deeper woods to graze in open glades or even out on the heaths. At such times I have come across a herd of dappled fallow deer, and once or twice encountered the snow-white buck and some of his off-white children. As a rule the group will bound away as soon as they catch sight of you, and it is amazing how the bucks seem to fold back their great spreading antlers, by an upward tilt of the head, so that they can dash unobstructed through the thickest cover. These fallow deer, by the way, are hunted by the New Forest Buckhounds, but though their numbers are kept in check a good breeding stock always remains.

'The red deer are there, too, but in much fewer numbers, and the little roe deer, once extinct, have re-invaded the New Forest from stocks liberated early in the nineteenth century around Milton Abbas in Dorset. The fourth deer is the Sika or Japanese, which is somewhat smaller than the fallow, though larger than the roe; it has branched horns rather like those of the red deer. In summer its coat is dappled with pale spots, which disappear in the winter season. Japanese deer are believed to have reached the New Forest from Branksea Island, in Poole Harbour, after swimming across a stretch of tidal water over a mile wide. Now they are quite common.

'Elsewhere in England three or four other foreign deer have become naturalised—these are the little rib-faced barking deer or muntjaks from India and China, the Virginian deer with forward-pointing antlers, and the Chinese water deer which has no antlers at all though the bucks carry a pair of sharp tusks. These are, of course, all park escapes, and it is too early to say whether they will become permanently established.

'Cover is the foremost requirement of deer, and where they can find this they will thrive surprisingly close to big cities. Thus the dark-hued, wild fallow deer of Epping Forest may be seen within ten miles of the City of London'.



Virginian deer and young
London Zoological Society



Fallow deer in early summer

Oliver Pike



Sika, or Japanese, deer

London Zoological Society

The Sentence on the Guilty

By CLAUD MULLINS

DECISIONS about sentences on those who have been found guilty used to be a comparatively simple matter. Ordinarily the choice lay between a long and a short term of imprisonment (with or without hard labour and, in certain cases, corporal punishment) and what was called 'binding over'. But this century has seen a series of new sentences and this has transformed the position.

In 1907 probation was introduced. In its true meaning this combined the old 'binding over' with supervision by a probation officer. In the following year it was made possible for courts to sentence young offenders for training in Borstal institutions. Then came a pause, but in 1948 came several new forms of sentence. Two were provided for dealing with hardened offenders. All courts were enabled to impose fines instead of imprisonment. A revised form of probation was introduced and the important power was given to include in a probation order a term that the offender should submit to medical treatment for mental, or psychological, disorders. This last power can be used only if the offender agrees to accept it. It was not entirely new, as some courts, using general powers, had achieved the same result. But now that the power is in black and white in an Act of Parliament, this kind of sentence is happily more frequent.

A Responsible Task

The law has imposed no obligation on courts to make use of these modern forms of sentence. None the less it is clear, I hope, that the choice of a sentence that a criminal court has to make is now a much more responsible and difficult task than it used to be. Common sense is no longer sufficient, though, of course, it is still essential. To decide, for instance, whether a young offender should be forgiven, fined, placed on probation, sent for training in a Borstal institution, invited to seek the aid of a psychiatrist, or imprisoned, demands considerable knowledge and experience. Much acquaintance with the work and aims of penal institutions is desirable. Again, our courts now have the responsibility of detecting those cases of all ages that would benefit from psychiatric treatment, and this cannot be done well without knowledge of the general principles of modern psychiatry. The experts can give their assistance only if courts give them the opportunity. Like Victorian children, they can speak only when spoken to. The court has to set the ball rolling. Much social experience is desirable before fines can be wisely imposed. If a fine is too heavy, it may act as a stimulus to commit further crime in the hope of getting the money to pay the fine. Similarly, probation has turned countless offenders into law-abiding people, but if offered to the wrong type, or without suitable conditions, it can teach the dangerous lesson that crime pays.

Some of the improvements in our criminal law made in recent times, and particularly the abolition of corporal punishment as a judicial sentence, have been widely criticised. Demands have been made that the clock should be set back. It can be readily agreed that the increased volume of crime affords strong evidence that fresh efforts are necessary. But progress seems more likely to come not from any return to old methods but from a search for any weak spots in the methods of today. The weakest features, in the eyes of many students of our criminal justice, lie in the absence of training for passing sentence and in the inadequate enquiries about offenders that courts make before fixing sentence. The late Sir Leo Page wrote in his best book, *The Sentence of the Court*, that 'a wise sentence is one best calculated to serve the interests of the offender and the community'. There is much evidence that today countless sentences are passed which neither protect the community nor help the offenders. Most of our criminal courts—and even most juvenile courts—decide sentences quickly after the findings of guilt. Adjournments after the facts have been decided, so that full enquiries about the offenders can be made, are seldom considered practicable outside our great cities. This means that in most courts such enquiries as are made take place before, or possibly during, the trial. In my view this offends against the

fundamental principle of English justice, namely that nobody is guilty until proved guilty at a trial. To investigate someone charged with crime, to enquire about his home and work, etc., before he has been found guilty seems to me an unjustified invasion of personal liberty, especially in view of the fact that many of those accused are acquitted.

It is true that under a modern law offenders who have been remanded for enquiries by a Magistrates' Court, after a finding of guilt, can be sentenced by another court differently constituted. But it is highly desirable that sentences shall be decided by those magistrates who heard the evidence and decided upon guilt. This new power ought only to be used in emergencies. In the ordinary case at least two magistrates should return at the next sitting, hear the reports about the offenders, and fix the sentences. Existing methods cannot be justified on the ground that they work well. Most busy courts of Assize or Quarter Sessions have to deal with many men and women with large numbers of previous convictions. Even young people have to be dealt with who have been sentenced already many times. In his last book Page set out the case histories of twenty-three young criminals whom he considered 'likely to become life-long offenders'. 'It can scarcely be denied', he wrote, 'that foolish and unskilful treatment by criminal courts in the selection of punishment or sentence is a prolific cause of crime'. Page was sceptical about the benefits of psychological treatment, but several of the cases that he quoted in this book show clear indications that at some stage in their criminal careers a psychiatrist might well have been given an opportunity of helping.

Every time that a criminal court fails to make full use of modern methods with an offender, the public is placed in greater danger of having to be exposed to further criminal acts by him. As a London magistrate, I have seen too much of offenders to believe that in every case they can be successfully deterred from further crime. A few seem incurable. But I also learned that greater use of expert advice and treatment at the right time could deter many from repeating their crimes. I believe that this principle applies in all criminal courts and to a large number of different crimes. Increasing burdens have to be borne by those who sit on the bench of our criminal courts, whether they are lay magistrates, professional magistrates, magistrates (including recorders) at Quarter Sessions, or Assize judges. Yet the traditional idea is still prevalent that those on the bench are in no way bound to study any branch of the sciences concerned with abnormal conduct. This was made ruthlessly clear by Page when he said: 'There is nothing whatever in the professional education of a barrister which will fit him to pass sentence'. In this respect the lawyer, however eminent in his career, is not better equipped than the lay magistrate.

'Too Little Knowledge . . .'

The same point was made by a group of lawyers in a book, *The Reform of the Law*, that was published in 1951. There the following statement is made: 'Our judges, recorders, and magistrates, when they sentence offenders, have too little knowledge of what really goes on in the different kinds of penal establishment, too little knowledge of the real circumstances of the offender and of the factors which caused him to do what he did, and too little knowledge of the nature of the problem to be solved'. There is much in this book with which I disagree, but only those who concentrate on the great virtues of our present system of criminal justice and are blind to its failure to keep abreast of modern needs can ignore the truth of this statement.

In the Justices of the Peace Act, passed in 1951, there is a section that requires schemes for 'courses of instruction for justices', and considerable progress is being made under this section for the voluntary education of magistrates, both in the art of conducting trials and in the equally, or even more, difficult task of fixing sentence. This is all to the good. But can we safely ignore the fact that while undoubtedly trained lawyers are familiar with the conduct of trials they, like lay justices, are not trained for the fixing of sentences? I cannot see any answer to this last consideration. Let us welcome the training of lay magistrates, but if our courts are to keep abreast of the needs of

the time and to deal adequately with the increasing volume of crime, then some means must be found before long whereby all those who have to perform the heavy duty of deciding the fate of guilty criminals will of necessity be familiar with the knowledge that is essential for the wise choice of sentence. At present, owing mainly to a policy of imposing longer sentences than used to be given, our prisons are overcrowded. Several thousands of prisoners have to sleep three in cells that were built for the occupation of single prisoners. Yet, despite this overcrowding and this policy of inflicting long sentences, the volume of serious crime still increases. There must be a better way.

The question has to be asked whether any practicable reforms can adequately improve the quality of the sentences that are passed. During the first world war a wise man (I believe it was Lloyd George) said that war is too serious a matter to be left to the generals. Some advanced thinkers today have come to the conclusion that crime is too serious a matter to be left entirely to the courts. They recommend that the power to fix sentences should be removed from the courts in all but trivial cases and be transferred to Treatment Boards, composed of experts. For some years I have struggled against this drastic suggestion, believing that a better ideal is to have on the bench in all our courts those, and those only, who are familiar with both the methods and aims of all relevant penal establishments and with the general principles of modern psychiatry in its relation to criminal conduct. Such a bench would be eager to allow time after a verdict of guilty for full enquiries, social and, where necessary, medical. A bench so constituted would readily permit such experts to make suggestions as to the best methods for handling criminals, and would be well equipped to find a true balance between the needs of individual offenders and the protection of society. I have become convinced, however, that certain types of offender will have to be dealt with by experts rather than by courts. On the other hand, many cannot be treated and must be left to the courts. To decide which types should be treated is a problem that will need the most careful consideration of both experts and lawyers, but in all probability among them will be many of those guilty of violence, of the graver sexual crimes, of repeated petty crime, and many others.

It has to be remembered that there is a strange contrast in the work of our criminal courts. When conducting trials, they are closely controlled by the law of evidence. But when they are considering sentences the tradition is that they are restricted only by the maximum punishments that the law prescribes. In a few ways this tradition

has been modified by modern legislation, but in general the principle of freedom still applies, though subject to the power of appeal courts to modify sentences. It may be that further control on the liberty to pass sentence will become necessary.

The conception that wrong-doing should be followed by punishment is deep-rooted in us all. It is also true that the punishment of an offender seems to have a soothing effect upon those whom he has injured and on those who read or hear about his crime. This is all very human. It is sometimes assumed that modern ideas about the handling of offenders involves hostility to the whole conception of punishment and that those who hold these modern ideas care more for the offender than for his victim. This is a fallacy. Those who believe in the principles that I have referred to are not Utopians. They no more wish to treat criminals as invalids than they wish to regard sick people as offenders. Nobody desires wrong-doers to be pampered. The truth is that punishment is not inconsistent with scientific treatment. For many years the prison authorities have arranged that certain classes of prisoners shall receive psychiatric treatment in prison, though they are sometimes hampered because the duration of a prisoner's sentence was fixed without regard to his treatment.

Let it be freely admitted that, even under the system that reformers aspire to, large numbers of criminals needing treatment—perhaps a majority—will have to be treated in places of custody. It would be dangerous to release them quickly after their trials. Society has to be protected from them for a time, but that time needs to bear some relation to their treatment. What is so strenuously opposed by those who try to take a scientific view of crime is blind punishment, sentences animated by feelings of vengeance and fixed without consideration of the danger that the offender may become to society at the end of his sentence. It needs to be remembered that sentences, even life sentences, usually come to an end in the life-time of the prisoners.

I am not so reckless as to come before you with cut-and-dried solutions for all the problems that I have touched on. But I am convinced—and I was so convinced when I was a magistrate—that many drastic changes will be necessary before the public can be adequately protected from criminally-minded persons. I am equally convinced from my many contacts with psychiatrists and social scientists, that those who put forward the ideas that I have discussed care at least as much for the interests of society as those who are content with our present methods. For the moment the main need is to stimulate discussion of these problems.—*Third Programme*

The Mission of an Art School

By BASIL TAYLOR

WITHIN the past hundred years two remarkable German architects have lived for a period in London, both of whom had much to offer us in the matter of educating the artist. The first was Professor Gottfried Semper who worked here for seven years, from 1848 to 1855, at the invitation of Prince Albert, first for the Great Exhibition and then as Professor of Architecture at the Central School of Design, later to be called the Royal College of Art. The other was Walter Gropius who was in London from 1934 to 1937.

Semper came to England when our present system of art education was being established, a bad time for such a process, a time of confused and divided aims: a time when there was an earnest and genuine enthusiasm for education and yet among artists the conviction that existing methods of training the artists were false and unhelpful; a time when there was a superstitious reverence for the idea of genius, of artistic independence and nonconformity, and for the Fine Arts—when the Fine Arts indeed were deliberately sundered from the decorative arts; a time when the academies at the climax of their bankruptcy had no longer any proper standards of craftsmanship, and when the arrival of machine production had put design into chaos. As Professor Pevsner has shown in his book on Academies, Semper with astonishing realism and originality suggested reforms which made him a forerunner in some respects of William Morris and in many respects of Gropius. He accepted the machine and tried to arrive at an aesthetic for dealing with it, he warned against educating and encouraging too many of the

kind of artist which contemporary society no longer demanded. He hated the separation of the fine and decorative arts. He asked for a revival of craftsmanship. And the emergent English art schools took no notice of his advice. For the next seventy-five years, in that school where he had worked, the debates which he had worked to resolve continued. The term 'South Kensington' came to mean an unrealistic view of artistic conditions, until in 1911 an official committee hinted at its abolition.

The first man to construct a new idea of the art school in line with Semper's conclusions and those of later men who saw the problems with something of his perception was Gropius, the first, indeed, to arrive at a contemporary system of art education since the rise of academies. When he came to London in the 'thirties it was as an architect rather than a pedagogue but his presence helped to strengthen our awareness of what he had done at Weimar and Dessau. Painfully the lessons of Semper and Morris and Gropius have been learnt in educating the designer for modern conditions, but I doubt whether in general the education of the painter and the sculptor is much more realistic than it was a century ago. Many teachers still behave as if we were living in an age of the Fine Arts or an age of Taste. As far as I know, we have no school of art where the painter and sculptor, the industrial designer and the architect do more than work in the same building. If they are able to co-operate it is not within a curriculum which recognises and expresses the nature of their interdependence.

There are today about 14,000 students in the art schools of Great

Britain, with, no doubt, the highest proportion devoting themselves to painting and sculpture. They are the ones that I have most in mind. Because it is the ironic and tragic paradox of the present situation that when there exist probably more students of painting and sculpture than ever before, there should also be so little confidence that their period of training is really worth while. The first cause of that doubt is the certainty that so few will succeed in exercising their profession. Before most of them lies a future of having to teach—'I suppose I shall have to teach'—indeed they are probably being taught by those who are also in the position of 'having to teach'. And the lack of conviction has other deeper causes. There is the conviction that art cannot be taught, or rather, I should say, the failure to come to terms with that idea, to examine what it means and what it should mean, as art schools *do* in fact exist. It is 200 years or so since the first stirrings of a romantic opposition to academic theory and discipline, 200 years since the worship of inspiration and genius, that which Reynolds called 'a kind of magick out of the reach of the rules of art', began to destroy confidence in schools of painting and sculpture, began to insist that we should not bind a student to a routine of study. And that has become more important as it has become a part of a general inarticulate fear of the artist, the reluctance to bind *him*, in his unbiddable independence, to any task. We saw how powerful that instinct has become only two years ago, when a committee established by the Arts Council felt unable to demand more of sixty eminent painters than a canvas of not less than sixty inches by fifty.

Education must depend upon the existence of a skeleton of desirable knowledge, if only to bring into focus all those intangibles—call them by Reynolds' word of 'magick'. Roger Fry, who was no friend of art schools, suggested, in an essay on the painter Uccello, that it seemed to be an advantage for a painter to have something to concentrate upon apart entirely from matters of personal feeling, of magick. And one can hardly have a vocation for teaching unless, besides sympathy and goodwill, there is a belief in something concrete and specific and the impulse to communicate it. There are not enough teachers of painting or sculpture with a vocation, and not just because there are too many forced to teach. And I am inclined to think that this has much to do with the fact that very few, if any, have enough to offer of that hard information and guidance of the kind which fills the treatise of Cennino Cennini or even of some sixteenth-century Academician. When, in 1911, the committee enquiring into the Royal College of Art asked the Professor of Painting about his methods, he said that he believed not so much in giving instruction as in offering criticism. Forty years later there are still too many teachers (with such a negative and fearful attitude) unwilling or unable to offer the knowledge about the materials and forms of art upon which the best academic and all pre-academic training was founded.

The history of the education of the artist since the Middle Ages shows what successive periods have found to be desirable. First, skill at the level of manual labour and dexterity, with an underlying acceptance of the unity of the arts. Then the academic resolution that the artist must come to the level of the intellectual classes and that his training must be in terms of knowledge—the sciences which apply to art and the knowledge which distinguishes the work of

fine art and craft. There the destructive distinction emerges. Finally, when the academic system has run down, the claim for individual genius which had resided within the academic, but now became paramount. Apart from coming to terms with machine production, Gropius' achievement was to unite the painter, the sculptor, the designer, the craftsman, and the architect within a system which linked skill, knowledge and the recognition of individuality and genius.

My excuse, if any is demanded, for recalling the Bauhaus, for insisting now in 1953 upon its principles, is that the work done there is still valuable, more valuable than anything since, and particularly of value here at the present time. In the 'thirties, when Gropius was in London, English art was more open-minded than it is today in its attitude to foreign influence and example. The years of the war and the isolation from the continent we suffered then, brought not just a new sense of independence, but a limiting and conventional view of the kind of people we are, the nature of our artistic traditions, how we should behave artistically, the right attitude for us to adopt to artistic problems whatever the conditions are that may press upon us. Call it, as you like,

the new romanticism, the new empiricism, the new picturesque. It is as liable to condition our view of art education as to guide our replanning of London. At its worst it amounts to a fear of ideas. It can so easily allow us to treat the education of the artist as though that can be considered apart from education as a whole. It may condemn any exercise of pedagogy. We cannot do without a measure of pedagogy in regarding this problem, and especially as sound pedagogy is concerned with the nature of the existing world into which the student is to step. Besides, the vocation for art teaching cannot be founded alone upon personal success, upon taste,

upon a passion for art, or art's spiritual and social value. It must grow, as I have already suggested, from a something that is to be taught.

I recently visited a German school of art whose curriculum is guided by the example of the Bauhaus. I might no doubt have visited many others not only in Germany but elsewhere. It was the Werkakademie at Kassel. This school was founded in 1777 as the Académie de Peinture et Sculpture de Cassel. Today, in this ruined city, it must exist precariously in a barrack building, until new premises are made. I met there a man with a vocation for teaching artists. He was the professor in charge of the *Vorlehre*, or preliminary course of two terms, which gives direction to the whole course and brings together in one group, at the outset, painter, sculptor, textile designer, typographer. In his room he handled and demonstrated the students' constructions and exercises in paper and wood, wire and clay. He showed me their studies from nature, their experiment in the grammar of design in every graphic medium and in the techniques of painting. There were, besides, puppets made of paper, small toys carved out of wood. He spoke of these things with an enthusiasm in which were joined his interest in his students, his delight in their work, and, above all, a confidence in what he had to impart. And there were others in this enlivening school who spoke with equal vivacity and trust about their work. Half of one floor was given to a joinery and carpentry shop with lathes and other wood-working machinery in the charge of a master craftsman. A girl student was turning a billet of wood into something elaborate upon one of the lathes. She had been at the Werkakademie only a few weeks, and



'There are today about 14,000 students in the art schools of Great Britain, with the highest proportion devoting themselves to painting and sculpture'

when she finished her training she would probably leave the place as a painter or a textile designer; but for the first six weeks or so she had to work here learning how to join, turn, and carve wood, the mastery of hand tools and simple machinery. The evidence of this course showed itself in boxes, bowls, exercises in joinery of an extraordinary skill, matched by sensibility and individuality. The evidence of the course was there, too, in the admirable professionalism which marked every department of the school.

This first-year course is founded upon that *Vorlehre* which Johannes Itten instituted at the Bauhaus in 1919 and which he had previously formulated at his own school in Vienna. Its purpose was to help the student to grasp, in Walter Gropius' words, 'the physical nature of material's and the basic laws of design'. Gropius believed that such instruction was essential for the student in every branch of the visual arts. In Itten's words, 'This course is intended to liberate the student's creative power, to give him an understanding of nature's material and to acquaint him with the basic principles which underlie all creative activity in the visual arts'. The first value of the Bauhaus principles, whether they be found reinterpreted at Kassel or elsewhere, is in the resolution of the dilemma that art cannot be taught—not just as a belief but as the basis of a curriculum. Here are Gropius' words again:

Schooling alone can never produce art. Whether the finished product is an exercise in ingenuity or a work of art depends upon the talent of the individual who creates it. This quality cannot be taught and cannot be learned. On the other hand, manual dexterity and the thorough knowledge which is a necessary foundation for all creative effort, whether the workman's or the artist's, can be taught.

There is behind that statement an attitude to general education, and it is one which I find supported in the splendid lectures given by the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset in Madrid in 1930, although they are not immediately concerned with art. They were published here under the title *Mission of the University*. The university should have three aims, said Ortega—the transmission of culture, the teaching of the professions, scientific research. These depend upon certain essential principles of pedagogy of which the most important is that education should only be concerned with teaching what can be taught, which means what can be learnt. 'This', he says, 'involves the capital question of education at all levels'. He reminded his audience at Madrid University that the last great advance in pedagogy had been the recognition of the learner or the student, as the determinant of an education system.

'A Pedagogic Mistake'

Take the second of the university's functions—its duty to train the professional. It was the essence of academic theory, and the same principle is at the heart of romanticism, that the individual genius should be a school's central concern, the determinant of its attitude. Gropius called that a pedagogic mistake, and it is one linked with the error of trying to teach what cannot be taught or learnt. The focus of the art school should be the good professional. The artist was once joined to the community by the making of those images which embodied its beliefs, ambitions, and social habits. Except in totalitarian communities, that function has ceased and is unlikely to come again for a long time. The main way in which the artist can hope to influence and serve the community is by creating the appearance of our environment in all particulars. And in that way it can use the artist of talent and proficiency and no genius, provided that his training has not condemned him to failure as a genius, provided it has guided his proficiency towards employment.

Ortega demanded that the university's first ambition should be to make the ordinary man a cultured person. 'Culture', to use his words, 'is the vital system of ideas of a period . . . concerning the world and humanity'. The university should enable a man to live 'at the height of his time', to 'have dealings with the world at the level of his time'. He suggested that one reason for what he called 'the convulsive state of Europe' was that the average man, indeed most men, including those who govern, are ignorant of that essential system of ideas which belongs to our present situation. For long, the education of the artist was naturally a part of that vital system of contemporary ideas. To take one example: a main source of original academic theory and practice was Leonardo da Vinci's *Libro della Pittura*. No man has lived more powerfully at the height of his time than Leonardo, and the principles contained in that book are the expression of an acute modernity. The decline of academies was due to a progressive failure of such institutions to live at the height of their time; it was their tendency to live rather upon 'the drossy residue of other times', in Ortega's phrase. And it was

that which provoked the romantic discontent. But romanticism has ultimately succeeded no better than reason. Romantic independence, romantic superstitions about the unbiddable genius of the artist, have themselves hardened into conventional attitudes without modernity. Ruskin, Morris, and others tried to combine an essentially romantic view of the artist, his education and his employment, with the real existent conditions in the nineteenth century, but they could not bring themselves to face the ultimate reality of industrialism and industrial technology. It was left to Gropius to accept that challenge.

The art school curriculum, therefore, must be informed by culture in Ortega's sense of the word: in doing so it will imperceptibly condition the student to his time. If it does not, it will do him little but harm. But it must, I believe, do more than that, particularly if it is one of those larger schools which sends the students straight out into their world and their profession. It must, within the limits of its professional curriculum, assist the student to be a cultured person—his apprenticeship must be served not only to what may be learnt and taught about his art, but to culture as well. Much contemporary painting and sculpture is about the individual's despair and isolation, and much of that is no doubt an unhysterical expression of the inhumane aspects of his time. But much of it, I am sure, is nothing but a reflex of that loneliness which is the issue of an unreal education. And besides, at a time when no student of art can be certain that he will be able to fulfil his professional training, the need for a wider possible education is a necessity.

Fixation upon Historical Precedents

Among those facts of our culture which particularly affect the student of art is our fixation upon history and historical precedents. Within a hundred years the work of historians and archaeologists has given us a vast amount of historical art, a vast anthology of style and expression. The first outcome of this has been the indulgence of nostalgia, an aimless beachcombing among this vast and expanding terrain in search of picturesque fragments, in search of any object which may somehow tickle the fancy of the moment. The art school must accustom its students to this dangerous richness. I doubt whether that can be done through the normal methods and attitudes of art history. Most art history and most art historians are miles away from the activity of the artists and the student—their system of values, their natural responses, are generally different.

In coming to terms with this situation Ortega y Gasset is once again a valuable guide, not so much in the lectures I have already referred to as in his earlier book *The Revolt of the Masses*—particularly in the chapter called 'Primitivism and History'. 'Historical knowledge', he says, 'is a technique of the first order to preserve and continue a civilisation already advanced. Not that it affords positive solutions to the new aspect of vital conditions—life is always different from what it was—but that it prevents us committing the ingenuous mistakes of other times . . . if you have lost the memory of the past and do not profit by experience, then everything turns to disadvantage'. And later he speaks of the need for 'really contemporaneous men, who feel palpitating beneath them the whole subsoil of history, who realise the present level of existence and abhor every archaic and primitive attitude'. The purposes of historical study must be to increase our awareness of our own historical circumstance. Now, when the objects from the past are so various that they frequently contradict each other, it is important to realise how different should be the enjoyment and appreciation of historical precedents and the use of such objects within the framework of a contemporary art.

Whether or not these particular ideas of history are acceptable, it remains essential for those in art schools to come to terms with the problem. Ortega believed that for our future well-being the university must be in a position to intervene in the great themes of the day, cultural, professional, and scientific. I would dare to say that if the school of art is not able in itself, or through its students, to make such a social intervention, it does not deserve its existence.—*Third Programme*

The current number of the monthly international review *Adam*, which is now celebrating the twenty-first anniversary of its existence, contains an article by Dr. Gilbert Murray on Benedetto Croce. The rest of the number is devoted to Leonardo da Vinci, with contributions and extracts from authors and poets living and dead. The review, which is illustrated and is written partly in English and partly in French, is edited by Miron Grindea: it costs 2s. 6d. and may be obtained from 28, Emperor's Gate, London, S.W.7.

Christian Stocktaking—I

The Church's Task in the Modern World

The first of five talks by the Rt. Rev. F. A. COCKIN, Bishop of Bristol

A CASUAL—or even a careful—reading of the daily press would hardly leave the impression that Christian thinking was a powerful, still less a decisive, influence in current affairs. An occasional pronouncement by one of the archbishops, or by the British Council of Churches; a more than usually pungent introduction to *Crockford*; the egregious gullibility of the Dean of Canterbury; a report, not infrequently exaggerated or distorted, of some squabble between a bishop and one of his clergy: is it too much to say that this more or less represents what the average reader would remember as the Church's contribution to the news?

A Too Domestic View?

If he were to include the religious newspapers in his reading he would get a different, but from his point of view not much more encouraging, impression. For, with the exception of an occasional notable article, he would find himself in a world in which purely domestic affairs of 'church life' seem to be the main concern of Christians. Many of them no doubt are natural and proper subjects of interest. The internal life of the Church, its pastoral and administrative needs, are important. But to the ordinary man, seeking to make sense of a perplexing and even frightening world, trying to set and keep what he hopes is something like a Christian standard of conduct in home or business life, there does not seem to be much in this 'church news' which has a direct bearing on his most urgent problems. It all seems to belong to some special department of life—interesting, no doubt, to those who happen to be interested in that kind of thing, but not in any direct or challenging way giving him guidance in the questions with which, as citizen, or professional man, or worker in industry, he knows that he is or ought to be trying to grapple.

I want in this series of talks to try to deal with this situation, this apparent unhappy divorce between the concerns of the world and the concerns of the Church. Last August I made a very simple attempt, in a week's 'Lift Up Your Hearts!', to link our daily prayers with some of the issues which ordinary people, parents, teachers, business and professional folk are dealing with every day of the week. The response to that attempt seemed to indicate that a good many people valued that line of approach, and would like it carried further. That is what I want to try to do. But at the start it is essential to lay down certain principles which must govern any such undertaking. If we are to consider what contribution the Christian mind has to make to our understanding of the world in which we all have to live, what the Church ought to be saying and doing to help men and women who want to make Christian sense of their lives, then we must get quite clear in our minds what the nature of the contribution is and what it is not.

First, the Christian Church—meaning by that the body which carries in the sight of God the responsibility for teaching, interpreting, and expressing in worship and action the Christian view of the world and man's life in it—has both the right and the obligation to be deeply concerned in all these questions of home life, education, industry, local government, politics. For this simple reason: God, if He is what the Christian faith asserts Him to be, is the Creator of all life. The long, slow, painful history by which man has emerged from primitive barbarism into civilised order and culture is God's concern. His hand has been at work in it, and is still at work. And the one hope of man's progress towards his true goal lies in the recognition, and acknowledgment, and discernment of that divine direction, which is also the clue to the true aim of his life. That means that the raw material, so to speak, of man's religion, the material out of which he is meant to construct a life of worship and service of God, is just precisely the entire content of his ordinary workaday life, home-making, education, scientific research and discovery, trade, manufacture, the making and administering of laws, and all the hundred-and-one social activities and personal interests which go to make up the content of a normal, wholesome life. These are not secular, if we mean by that that God is not interested in them, that He is not at work in them,

and that men cannot find and serve and worship Him in the doing of them. They are the raw material out of which a God-centred view of life must be shaped. A religion which ignores this, and seeks to construct itself out of purely 'church affairs' is bogus religion, one-sided, distorted, unreal.

Second, Christians, if they know their business, are bound to be deeply involved in and committed to all these so-called 'secular' interests. But they have not simply as Christians, simply because they believe in God as revealed in Christ, an automatic guaranteed understanding of the right way to handle them, or the right answers to the questions which arise in the handling of them. That they must painfully acquire, as anyone has to acquire it, by apprenticeship, by putting themselves to school at the job, whatever it may be, by sitting down alongside those who may not have their Christian conviction, but are up against the same problems, and working away at them, in the office, at school, on the board, in the trade-union lodge, on the housing or the health committee. They will, if they are really Christians, have a distinctive contribution to bring to that common task. But it is a distinctive contribution which can be made only in terms of the actual conditions of the job, not by some falsely so-called 'supernatural' illumination, which side-steps or by-passes the essential condition of tired minds or dirty hands.

There is a third condition, less obvious perhaps than the other two, but equally crucial. And I want to make it absolutely clear, because it specially concerns anyone who, like myself, attempts to say something about what this distinctively Christian contribution is. Our temptation is to take a superior attitude to the very Christian Church whose function we are setting out to describe. It is so easy to seem to set ourselves up above those poor unenlightened church folk who do not see their responsibilities in these matters, who are content to go on in their round of Sunday schools, and P.C.C. meetings, and diocesan conferences, and the like. Whereas, of course, we are ourselves one with them, involved in the same limitation of outlook and, sometimes, self-satisfaction. If we try to discern where the failures and shortcomings lie, we are turning the microscope on ourselves. It is essential to make this clear and to keep it constantly in mind, because there are certain points at which, as it seems to some of us, the Christian Church is failing, and failing very seriously, to see and rise to its true calling in this matter of bringing a Christian judgment to bear upon the concerns of public life. And if we are going to try to expose these we must remember that they are our own failings and shortcomings. We cannot—with that famous parable in mind—'trust in ourselves that we are righteous, and despise others'.

Weaknesses in the Church's Witness

That being understood I can go on to indicate plainly certain weaknesses which do, as I believe, gravely inhibit the Church in making a positive and effective witness. The first I would call introversion, looking in upon itself, self-centredness. In one sense it is, at this particular moment of history, a very natural and understandable weakness. As anyone who is at all closely concerned with church life knows only too well, the difficulties of maintaining the day-to-day work of the Church have been immensely increased by the revolution in social and economic conditions, and by the parallel revolution in habits of thought, which we have witnessed in our lifetime. It is only too easy for the Church, locally in parish or congregation, centrally in diocese or circuit, or assembly or synod, to become preoccupied and obsessed with the urgency of these severely practical problems, recruiting, training, distribution of manpower, the provision of finance, the maintenance of buildings. Do not ask us, they are inclined to say, to spend time thinking out Christian answers to industrial problems, or fulfilling our responsibilities in local government or voluntary services. We have got all we can do to keep ourselves going.

Nor are economic causes the only excuse for yielding to this temptation to introversion, inward-lookingness. Many of the clergy, and these of the laity who take their religious responsibilities most seriously, suffer

rather considerably from the daunting feeling that the climate of our time is against them: they are trying to sell their Christian wares in what does not look like a seller's market. People do not want their goods. Many causes contribute to this situation, some of which we shall have to look at more closely later on in the series. For the moment we will content ourselves with noting one clear result of it. That is the temptation to give up the struggle to make religion intelligible to a world which does not understand religious language, or feel that it has anything relevant to say, and to turn inwards on the small circle of those who do, the converted, the faithful, the people who will listen. Let us talk to them about things which we and they appreciate and value. And meanwhile the world with its grave and urgent problems, speculative and practical, goes on its way—perhaps to destruction—without the illumination and succour which Christian faith is meant to bring to it. The Church falls into the deadly mistake of thinking that its business is to save itself—not the world.

From this there springs yet a third temptation. The Christian religion is rooted in a historical basis. It looks backward; that is, to certain events in history, certain moments in time, as determinative of its whole character. It is thus, using the word in its true sense, in one of its aspects essentially 'conservative'. It has a precious heritage to guard: it must keep that which has been committed to it—the revealed faith, the hallowed practice. But that is only half the truth. For an essential element in the Christian revelation is the faith in the continuous activity of the Spirit of God, leading men into all the truth, taking the things of Christ and interpreting them to us. The revelation in Christ is not finished, complete, in the sense that there is no more of the truth of God's nature and working to be apprehended. It is, as He Himself made clear, a starting point rather than an end.

It is precisely this one-sided emphasis on the conservative aspect of

faith which has, perhaps more than anything else, handicapped Christian thought in its task of making its contribution to, exercising its influence upon, the progressive development of human thought and civilisation. And in an age like our own, in which scientific method is increasingly, if mistakenly, regarded as the one reliable approach to truth, the handicap is specially unfortunate. For science looks forward rather than backward. It is ready to discard hardly won and strongly held positions, if further experiment and verification of the experiment seem to demand that. Its truth, one may say, is a yet undiscovered truth, rather than one committed once for all to a safe keeping. And it is inevitable that to an age so minded the truth which the Church proclaims should appear to be increasingly outmoded, relegated to the lumber room of the primitive, the childish, the outgrown. 'Back to the Gospel', says the Church. 'No', says the contemporary mind, not *back* to anything! Forward to the next discovery!

If this analysis is true—and while I recognise clearly that it is not the whole truth, I am fairly certain that it is a serious part of the truth—then clearly there are certain points at which the Church must be prepared for a considerable revision of its outlook on and approach to the world in which it lives. I would define these, by way of summing up what I have tried to say in this first talk, under two heads: (1) It must learn to move out of the familiar ground of its own established positions and live and think on the frontier, where the impact of new thought and new social experiment is to be set in full force; (2) It must be much more ready to face the demand for radical re-thinking and restatement of its faith. God is eternal, and His nature does not change. But the apprehension of His nature which was adequate in the fourth, or the fifteenth, or even in the nineteenth century is not necessarily adequate for the twentieth. 'He that hath an ear, let him listen to what the Spirit is saying to the Churches'—now, in 1953.

—West of England Home Service

The Revised Standard Version of the Bible

By T. W. MANSON

YOU can have no real idea of how difficult it is to make a good translation until you try. The difficulties are great enough when you are translating from one modern language into another; they are greater still when you are dealing with ancient documents like the books of the Bible, where the latest piece is at least 1,800 years old and the earliest 3,000 or more. The prophet Amos said what he had to say in the name of the Lord some twenty-seven centuries ago. What he said was written down, and copied and re-copied by hand—there was no other way—until the invention of printing in the fifteenth century. St. Paul wrote his letters to the Church in Corinth almost exactly nineteen centuries ago; and they too were copied and re-copied by hand until hand-copying was superseded by print. In the process of copying by hand errors inevitably creep in. Many of them are corrected; but some always seem to escape correction; and so the first task facing the translator of an ancient text is to discover, as nearly as he can, what the original author said or wrote. In the case of the Bible this is a very big task, and a very complicated one; because the Bible was much copied, much quoted, and often translated, from the earliest times. There is an almost bewildering mass of evidence to be examined and weighed; and as a result of the vast labour that has been expended on the task in recent years, we are today better informed about the original text of the Bible than any previous generation. There is still room for improvement, but we can be reasonably confident that we have reliable texts to translate. In this respect we are very much better off than the translators of the Authorised Version or the Revised Version.

Step by step with the recovery of the original text goes the better understanding of the language in which it is written and the ways of thinking of the people to whom it was originally addressed. These things hang together. Better texts mean better knowledge of the thought and language; and better knowledge of the thought and language makes possible a sounder judgment on questions of text. Here again the record is one of steady, and often spectacular, progress. We have today, as the result of discoveries of all kinds, a better grasp of the original language of the Old and New Testaments than was possible when the Authorised and Revised Versions were made. The grammars and

dictionaries of ancient Hebrew and New Testament Greek are constantly under revision as new material accumulates. Scholars all over the world have a share in this great task; and this country has made an outstanding contribution through the work of Westcott and Hort, Wordsworth and White on the New Testament text, Moulton, Milligan, and Howard on its grammar and vocabulary; Brooke, McLean, and Thackeray on the text of the Old Testament, and Driver and Cowley on its grammar and vocabulary—to name only a few. If I brought in living scholars and took account of other branches of biblical study, the list could be multiplied many times.

It is this increased knowledge that makes periodic revision of the translation of the Bible necessary. It cannot be said too often or too emphatically that if it is true that God has spoken to us through prophets, apostles, and evangelists, then it is a matter of urgent importance to find out as exactly as possible what these messengers actually said and what precisely it meant. It is the business of biblical scholars to find this out; and, when they have found it, to put it down in language which the people of this generation can understand.

That brings me to the third point that has to be made: the fact that our own language is constantly changing. Words alter their meaning under our very noses and we can do little or nothing to arrest the process, even when we think the change is for the worse. Take a simple example. Until recently, the word 'alibi' had a single precise meaning. It meant defending yourself against a charge—usually a criminal one—by proving that you were somewhere else when the crime was committed. Now it is misused in a loose and slovenly way, often by people who should know better, to mean any kind of defence or excuse against any kind of accusation. A living language is like a living body, constantly changing: some changes can be fairly called growth and development, others, like the new use of 'alibi', can only be called disease or decay. So it comes about that in the course of a few centuries many words will change their meaning. When the readers of the first edition of the Authorised Version, nearly 350 years ago, found St. Paul telling the Roman church that 'oftentimes I purposed to come unto you, but was let hitherto', they understood that the Apostle had been 'prevented' from carrying out his plan. And that is what 'let'

meant then: 'I was let'—'I was prevented'. If the Authorised Version had said, 'I was prevented', the readers would have understood that Paul was helped on his way; for that is what 'prevent' meant in 1611. There are two words which have simply exchanged meanings. And they are not the only ones. In his most interesting book on the English New Testament (1950) Dean Weigle gives a list of some 200 words in the Authorised Version of the New Testament alone, which have either changed their meanings or gone out of use since the day of James I.

Not only do words alter their meanings. The grammar of a living language is also subject to slow but unavoidable change. One minor development in English is the gradual disuse of all but a few indispensable inflections and increasing reliance on the order of words in a sentence to determine the sense: 'The hunter killed the lion'; 'The lion killed the hunter'. The words are identical; the order determines the meaning; and the tendency in modern English is to prefer the simple and straightforward order and to avoid inversion. Again, 'thou' and 'thee' have gone out of use except in the language of prayer. And there are many other changes, with the result that the language of the Authorised Version cannot but sound archaic to modern ears. Some people will say that it is all the better for that. I venture to think that they are mistaken; and for a simple reason. It is of the very essence of the Christian faith that it proclaims a message which cannot go out of date and be superseded by some new and better doctrine. But if we present the Gospel in archaic language, using terms that no longer have any meaning except to a handful of experts, we are simply encouraging the men and women of this generation to think that the Bible is no longer relevant to their concerns. 'It may have been a live issue 350 years ago; but it has nothing to say to us today'. I believe that it is an urgent obligation on Christian teachers to show that the Bible has a great deal to say to this generation; and that it can say it in language which this generation can understand.

Three Reasons for Revision

There are, then, three good reasons for revising the English Bible: first we have better Hebrew and Greek texts to translate; second, we have better understanding of the original languages and of the ways of thinking of Greeks and Hebrews; and third, the English of the Authorised Version (and the Revised Version, too) is in many respects not the English spoken by the men and women of our day.

What is to be done about it? Broadly speaking there are two possibilities. Either we can try to improve the existing translations by a careful revision, or we can sit down and attempt to make an entirely new version into twentieth-century English. Both methods have been tried. In recent years we have had a positive spate of completely new renderings, particularly of the New Testament or parts of it. On the other hand, the Revised Standard Version, as the name implies, is the latest, and I think the most successful, attempt to bring the Authorised Version abreast of present-day biblical scholarship and modern English usage. It starts from the fact that the Authorised Version itself makes lavish use of previously existing versions; so much so that it can almost be called the Revision of 1611. The next revision took place in the seventies and eighties of last century. It was a serious attempt to take account of the results of biblical scholarship; but it made no serious attempt to revise the English style and vocabulary of the Authorised Version. On the contrary, the findings of nineteenth-century scholarship were solemnly translated into seventeenth-century English before being incorporated into the text. The American Standard Version went rather further than the Revised Version in appropriating the results of scholarly work; but did not seriously tackle the problem of the archaic English. It has been widely used in America during the past fifty years.

The Revised Standard Version carries on the task from the point where the American Standard Version stopped. It is an attempt to do all the three things that are needed: it takes account of the latest knowledge of the original texts; it uses the results of the best modern research in all parts of the field of biblical study; and it gets rid of a large mass of obsolete English words and idioms. The work has been done by some of the finest biblical scholars in America, and it has not been done in a hurry. I first came across it shortly before the outbreak of the last war, when I was fulfilling a lecturing engagement in the Divinity School of Yale University. My host was Dean Weigle, who combined the headship of the large Divinity School with the exacting job of chairing the committee responsible for the production of the new version. Like many others, I watched the progress of the undertaking and eagerly awaited the finished work. The New Testament came out in 1946 and the whole Bible was published in September 1952. Dean

Weigle and his colleagues are to be warmly congratulated and thanked on the completion of their task. It so happens that I am engaged, with others, on a different translation of the Bible, one which does not attempt to revise any existing version, but simply to translate direct from the original into the best modern English that we can command. When I compare our task with that of our American colleagues, and our results, so far, with theirs, I am convinced that there is ample room for both, and that each can serve a useful purpose in the religious life of today.

Basic Principles

If we are to form a just estimate of the worth of the Revised Standard Version, we must keep in mind two or three basic principles. The first is that in this matter of translating the fundamental documents of our faith, nothing takes precedence of truth and accuracy. Beautiful wording, splendid prose and rhythm, exquisite cadences and the like, are worse than worthless if they render a corrupt text or mis-translate a good one. The Bible is read in church, not to tickle the ears of the congregation, but to stir their consciences by bringing them face to face with the authentic revelation of God. The prime virtue of any version that is to be read in public worship is to present the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The second basic requirement is that the version should be intelligible, and, as far as human skill can make it, readily intelligible to ordinary people. The rendering that will satisfy an expert theologian will not necessarily edify the layman in the pew, and the really difficult task is to find the translation that will do both things and do them well. The third thing is that there is no absolute incompatibility between accuracy and intelligibility on the one side and beauty on the other. The Revised Standard Version works on the entirely justifiable assumption that there is a great deal of the Authorised Version that is already accurate, intelligible, and beautifully and simply expressed. Where that is so there is no need to make any change. There is a problem of literary aesthetics where parts of the Authorised Version are left alone and other parts changed. Is there not the danger that the result will be something of a literary mongrel, neither good old Authorised Version nor good new twentieth century?

The proof of *that* pudding is in the eating; and I have chosen a few short passages for comparison. First here is part of the Second Book of Samuel as we are familiar with it in the Authorised Version:

And, behold, Cushite came; and Cushite said, Tidings, my lord the king: for the LORD hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee.

And the king said unto Cushite, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushite answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

In the Revised Standard Version that passage takes this form:

And behold the Cushite came; and the Cushite said, 'Good tidings for my lord the king! For the LORD has delivered you this day from the power of all who rose up against you'. The king said to the Cushite, 'Is it well with the young man Absalom?' And the Cushite answered, 'May the enemies of my lord the king, and all who rise up against you for evil, be like that young man'. And the king was deeply moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, he said, 'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would I had died instead of you, O Absalom, my son, my son!'

For further comparison here is a short passage from the Book of Job. First, in the Authorised and then in the Revised Standard Version:

For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:

Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.

For I know that my redeemer lives, and at last he will stand upon the earth;

and after my skin has been thus destroyed, then without my flesh I shall see God;

whom I shall see on my side, and my eyes shall behold, and not another. My heart faints within me.

You might like to compare with both those versions this translation of Driver and Gray. The break in the middle means that those two great scholars found themselves baffled by the obscurity of the Hebrew text.

But I know that my vindicator liveth
And that hereafter he will stand up upon the dust
And
And away from my flesh I shall behold God.
Whom I shall behold (to be) on my side,
And mine eyes shall see (to be) unestranged.

Finally, here is a sample of the New Testament. Here are the first five verses of the fifth chapter of Romans, in the Authorised Version and the Revised Standard Version:

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.

And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience.

And patience, experience; and experience, hope:

And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.

Therefore, since we are justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Through him we have obtained access to this grace in which we stand and we rejoice in our hope of sharing the glory of God. More than that, we rejoice in our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not disappoint us, because God's love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit which has been given to us.

I do not know how you like the new as compared with the old. But do not forget that if the older is sweeter, the newer is generally truer. I do not set up as a literary critic, and my taste is probably not very refined. All the same, I like the Revised Standard Version; and I like it because it is reliable and because it speaks directly to the man in the pew in language he can reasonably be expected to understand. Let us end by allowing the new version to speak for itself, by itself, and at some length. Here is the noble fortieth chapter from the Book of the Prophet Isaiah:

Comfort, comfort my people, says your God,
Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her
that her warfare is ended, that her iniquity is pardoned,
that she has received from the LORD's hand double for all her sins.

A voice cries:

'In the wilderness prepare the way of the LORD,
make straight in the desert a highway for our God.
Every valley shall be lifted up, and every mountain and hill be made low;

the uneven ground shall become level, and the rough places a plain.
And the glory of the LORD shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the LORD has spoken'.

A voice says, 'Cry!'

And I said, 'What shall I cry?'

All flesh is grass, and all its beauty is like the flower of the field.

The grass withers, the flower fades, when the breath of the LORD blows upon it; surely the people is grass.

The grass withers, the flower fades; but the word of our God will stand for ever.

'Get you up to a high mountain, O Zion, herald of good tidings;
lift up your voice with strength, O Jerusalem, herald of good tidings,
lift it up, fear not;

say to the cities of Judah, 'Behold your God!'

Behold the Lord God comes with might, and his arm rules for him;
behold, his reward is with him, and his recompense before him.

He will feed his flock like a shepherd, he will gather the lambs in his arms,

he will carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young.

Who has measured the waters in the hollow of his hand and marked off the heavens with a span,
enclosed the dust of the earth in a measure and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance?

Who has directed the Spirit of the LORD, or as his counsellor has instructed him?

Whom did he consult for his enlightenment, and who taught him the path of justice,

and taught him knowledge, and showed him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are like a drop from a bucket, and are accounted as the dust on the scales; behold, he takes up the isles like fine dust.

Lebanon would not suffice for fuel, nor are its beasts enough for a burnt offering.

All the nations are as nothing before him, they are accounted by him less than nothing and emptiness.

To whom then will you liken God, or what likeness compare with him?

The idol! a workman casts it, and a goldsmith overlays it with gold, and casts for it silver chains.

He who is impoverished chooses for an offering wood that will not rot;

he seeks out a skilful craftsman to set up an image that will not move.

Have you not known? Have you not heard? Has it not been told you from the beginning? Have you not understood from the foundations of the earth?

It is he who sits above the circle of the earth, and its inhabitants are like grasshoppers; who stretches out the heavens like a curtain, and spreads them like a tent to dwell in; who brings princes to nought, and makes the rulers of the earth as nothing.

Scarcely are they planted, scarcely sown, scarcely has their stem taken root in the earth, when he blows upon them, and they wither, and the tempest carries them off like stubble.

To whom then will you compare me, that I should be like him? says the Holy One.

Lift up your eyes on high and see: who created these?

He who brings out their host by number, calling them all by name; by the greatness of his might, and because he is strong in power not one is missing.

Why do you say, O Jacob, and speak, O Israel,

'My way is hid from the LORD, and my right is disregarded by my God?'

Have you not known? Have you not heard?

The LORD is the everlasting God, the Creator of the ends of the earth.

He does not faint or grow weary, his understanding is unsearchable.

He gives power to the faint, and to him who has no might he increases strength.

Even youths shall faint and be weary, and young men shall fall exhausted;

but they who wait for the LORD shall renew their strength, they shall mount up with wings like eagles,

they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.

—Home Service

Much ignorance and misconception still exists among educated westerners concerning Oriental thought despite all the books about it which have appeared since Max Müller began the task of enlightenment seventy years ago. Some of these books have themselves strengthened the barrier to understanding which it was their purpose to break down. But the chief barrier has been the prejudice of those, whether theologians or scholars, who have assumed that wisdom is only to be found within the Christian and the Graeco-Roman tradition. This parochialism is still surprisingly evident not only in false generalisations about Oriental life—denial, but in actual mistranslations of eastern Scriptures. But, as Professor Floyd H. Ross points out in *The Meaning of Life in Hinduism and Buddhism* (Routledge, 15s.), western man has sought to live to himself for too long and is paying for a self-imposed 'rightness and tightness' in his conception of truth with the decay of his civilisation and of Christianity as a vital force. He believes that eastern wisdom, far from being a spiritual narcotic, 'may act as a catalytic agent in the west, where people are still too inclined to regard Europe or the Mediterranean world as the sole Mt. Sinai of the human family'.

If his belief is well grounded, his book offers an excellent bridge by which a westerner, trained to value exact thinking, may enter a world in which thought is no less exact but is also directed towards the awakening of a new awareness in which a man is no longer outside the object which he contemplates, but is at one with it in a Reality which comprehends both him and it. This central affirmation of Indian metaphysics, as Professor Ross calls it, this fulfilment of knowing in being, is equally the goal of *Vedanta* and of Buddhism. But it is with the path to it that their teaching is most concerned, and neither in their view of the nature of the self nor in their gospel of liberation did the Upanishadic sages and Gautama essentially differ. Professor Ross has cut through the tangled overgrowth of commentary and revealed the real identity and continuity of 'Hinduism and Buddhism'. His chapters on the art of Yoga and the 'Bhagavad Gita', and on 'the way' of Buddhism, as interpreted by its three schools, are admirably concise. Without either popularising his subject or mystifying his reader, he has brought the basic truths of an ancient wisdom into the clear focus of a modern mind.

Faith, Doubt, and Freedom

The second of two talks by GUIDO CALOGERO

IN my first talk* I tried to explain that the problem of the liberal faith—that strange kind of faith that seems to have no other content than the preparedness to admit doubt—is the same problem as that of the fundamental moral choice. In both cases the only possible starting point is what might be called the unconditional sovereignty of our decision, the absolute independence of our choice between understanding and not understanding others, between altruism and egoism. I pointed out that the responsibility of this choice cannot be avoided or diminished by referring it to some higher truth or principle or authority, and that therefore any theory of such a truth or principle or authority, however useful it may be to help us in approaching the moral decision, can never be considered as the ultimate reason or justification of our moral will, the will to understand.

A Choice of Morals

We might express the same point by saying that the real moral choice of which we are speaking is the very choice of that ultimate principle of morality. It is not a choice according to morals, but the choice of morals. Any other choice in life is to a large extent conditioned by matter-of-fact considerations, which pertain to history, to science, to every other form of knowledge. But when we speak of a moral value, we point to something else which is beyond that field of calculations. Frequently we express this notion by saying that morality is generally good business, but that it remains the highest standard for our actions even when it proves to be the opposite. In other words: we cannot prefer the golden rule to the rule of the jungle because there is another rule which orders us to prefer the golden rule to the rule of the jungle. For if no choice could be made except through a deduction from a rule, it would be necessary to have yet another rule, ordering us to prefer the rule which orders us to prefer the golden rule; and so on *ad infinitum*. The impossibility of the infinite regression, which Aristotle already considered as the main proof of the absurdity of any theory leading to it, can perhaps be questioned if the discussion is about the structure of the universe, or of history, considering the possible infinite expansion of the first, and the indefinite succession of the second. But no infinite regression is allowed in this case, where the choice has to be made, and made now. To go on indefinitely, searching for a rule of the rule, would simply mean to shirk the necessity of a decision. And what we are considering is exactly the opposite: that is, the situation of a man who actually decides, who actually wills and acts.

But someone might say: 'Right, let us put aside until further examination the traditional theory that our moral will must be based on some previously accepted philosophical or religious doctrine. Let us admit that my moral philosophy, however good it may be, matters less than my duty to understand the moral philosophies of other people. I recognise, of course, that as my will to understand must not ultimately depend upon anything else accepted by my conscience, so it cannot be endangered or altered by anything else accepted by the conscience of others. I admit that in this sense my awareness that my only possible moral rule is my will to understand is as absolute a principle as any moral principle I may search for. It is, indeed, far more indisputable than any other principle, because it is reaffirmed in every dispute, being the constant principle of any interest in discussion against the constant temptation to entrench oneself in a dogma. But why am I to get out of that trench? Why am I to enter into the dialogue? Why am I to prefer understanding to not understanding, altruism to egoism?'

A question of this kind cannot be dismissed with the simple answer that there is nothing left to answer, having already shown that the ultimate foundation of moral will is just this moral will, and nothing else, however ancillary to its decision any other consideration may be. If I so abruptly dismiss the question, my refusal to answer may be interpreted by my interlocutor in at least two different ways, both contrary to that moral situation of human dialogue and understanding which I am trying to analyse. First, my interlocutor may think that my

refusal to answer means we have arrived at a point where there is no further possibility of arguing, because the question is only one of personal taste. His reaction may be this: 'If you tell me that the ultimate choice between egoism and altruism depends on our will, and you refuse an answer to my question as to why I, in my independent will, must prefer altruism to egoism, then I understand that this is a question of individual taste. You may prefer altruism. I may prefer egoism, each according to his taste. Then you are certainly entitled to refuse any further answer, because there is no arguing about tastes. But, then, why do you speak of responsibility? Why do you seem to presuppose the importance, the value, the human weight of this so-called moral choice? You had better speak of taste, and admit that your theory leads to the conclusion that every one of us is simply entitled to act as he likes.'

This reaction of my imaginary interlocutor would in my opinion be wrong just because it again presupposes something (in this case, the so-called personal taste) which is supposed to free the moral conscience from the eternal bondage of its responsibility to decide. Personal taste is here considered as something which exists before the moral choice, so that this choice can only follow it. And this is just the opposite of what we are trying to underline as the essential character of moral freedom, moral responsibility, moral choice. If we must dismiss any idea of a truth, of a doctrine, of an authority necessarily compelling us to act as we ought to do, we must also dismiss any idea of a taste necessarily compelling us to act just as we like to do. Both presuppositions deprive our moral decision of its freedom and responsibility, and to the same extent. I say 'to the same extent', because tastes and preferences and passions are certainly as present in my moral decision as philosophical and religious and juridical teachings. But all this does not alter the fact that my decision can be called free and responsible—moral only to the extent that it is not inevitably and automatically determined either by my beliefs or by my passions. Moreover, this necessary and automatic dependence would be still more destructive of moral experience in the case of personal taste. For while the result of the presupposed irresistible impact of, say, the truth of the golden rule would be, at least, an automatic altruism, the result of the theory of personal taste would probably be an automatic and completely self-satisfied egoism, as there would be no reason to try to understand somebody else's taste, if one can only follow one's own. Moral relativism, in fact, is intrinsically no less dogmatic than moral absolutism. Both lead to the same negative conclusion, to the same negation of the basic moral interest in dialogue and understanding. You cannot be interested in discussion if you already know that everybody has his private truth, any more than if you already know that you yourself possess the universal truth. So, if I am to avoid giving the impression that what I am after is a sort of moral relativism, I cannot refuse an answer to my supposed interlocutor.

Successful Intimidation

Secondly, such a refusal might suggest to him that I treat him as we frequently treat people who have asked us too many 'whys'. Having got tired of answering with our 'because's', we tend to remind them that good manners request them not to ask too many questions. Actually, we do not only adopt this approach with tiresome children: in Dante's *Divina Commedia*, Vergil behaves that way in front of everybody: 'State contenti, umana gente, al quia'—'Be satisfied, humankind, with this "because"'. It is the usual attitude of those who do not like the intellectual curiosity of others penetrating into what they regard as the private realm of their knowledge of truth. Normally, this method of intimidating people by suggesting that they are becoming impolite is highly successful (unless they are as stubbornly impolite as, say, Socrates). But, as I am obviously far more on the side of the impolite Socrates in this question than of Dante's dogmatic Vergil, I must avoid seeming to adopt a behaviour which is really the opposite of dialogue.

The question about the 'why' of my moral choice of altruism against

(continued on page 182)

NEWS DIARY

January 21-27

Wednesday, January 21

Controls on prices and supplies of all cereals and feeding stuffs to be lifted at end of next harvest

Civil estimates for nearly £126,000,000 presented to Commons

Italian Chamber of Deputies passes Electoral Reform Bill

Thursday, January 22

Executive Committee of Mineworkers' Union rejects Coal Board's wage offer. Miners' leaders propose appeal to Government

Government's policy for leasehold reform published as White Paper

House of Commons debates affairs in Wales

Friday, January 23

A 'Liberation Rally' is formed in Egypt to replace the political parties dissolved by General Neguib

East African groundnuts scheme to be further reduced

Income tax paid in last financial year reaches record total

Saturday, January 24

Turkish Foreign Minister states that complete agreement has been reached in his talks with Yugoslavia on plans for preserving peace

Industrial Disputes Tribunal rejects wage claim by cotton workers

Sunday, January 25

British farmer and his family murdered in Kenya

Egyptian Government takes powers to proclaim a state of general mobilisation in event of war

Chief Burgomaster of Berlin states that the city is in danger of being choked with refugees from eastern Germany

A Dutch driver in a British car wins Monte Carlo rally

Monday, January 26

Major-General Hinde, formerly British Military Governor in Berlin, appointed personal staff officer to the Governor of Kenya

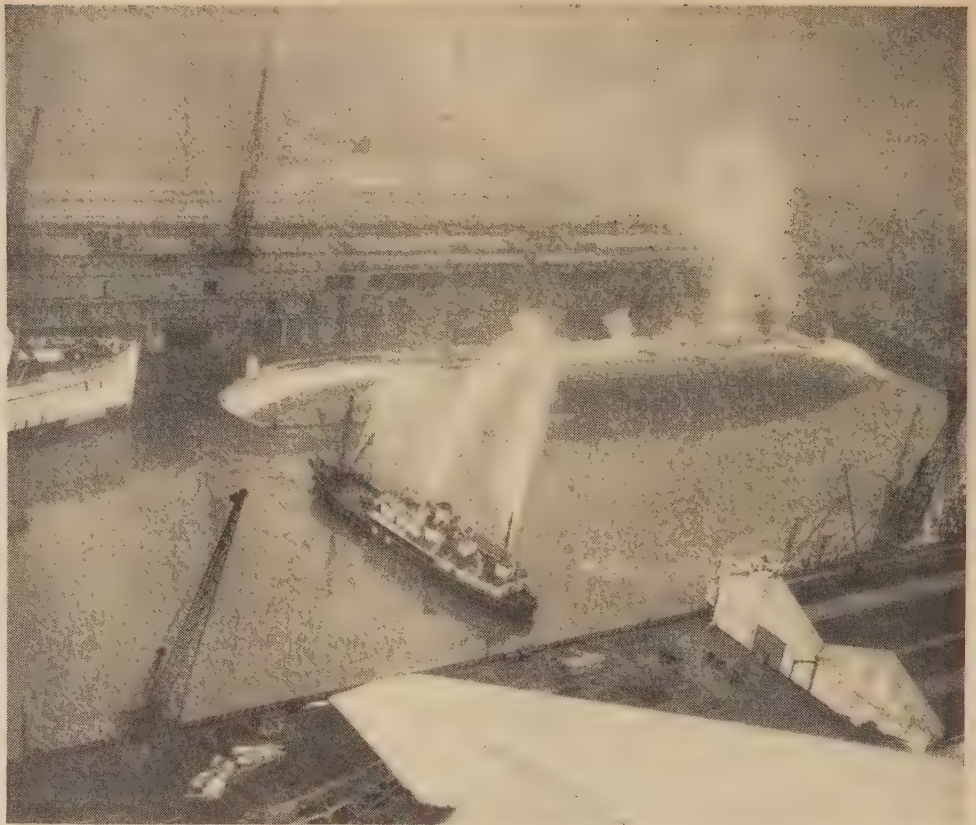
British Ambassador in Washington sees Mr. Dulles, U.S. Secretary of State

Minister of Supply makes statement about atomic research

Tuesday, January 27

Miners' delegates reject Coal Board's wage offer but recommend new approach to Board

South African Government's Bill to secure public safety is published



A photograph taken from the air on Monday showing the burnt-out hulk of the 20,000-ton Canadian Pacific liner 'Empress of Canada', lying in Gladstone Dock, Liverpool. The fire, which started in the liner on Sunday afternoon, was out of control by nightfall, in spite of the efforts of 200 firemen. She is a total loss



Kenya tribesmen volunteers led by an officer of the Kenya Regiment patrolling the Aberdare Forest region for Mau Mau suspects. The worst Mau Mau atrocity so far against Europeans took place last week-end when a British farmer, Mr. Roger Ruck, his wife and young son were murdered in the north Kinangop district

Right: the world's first radio-controlled clock, which was demonstrated at Goldsmiths' Hall, London, on January 22. The clock is kept accurate to the thousandth part of a second by impulses beamed from a wireless station

Gen
four
ceren

The Princess Royal
She is making the j
Her Royal Highness



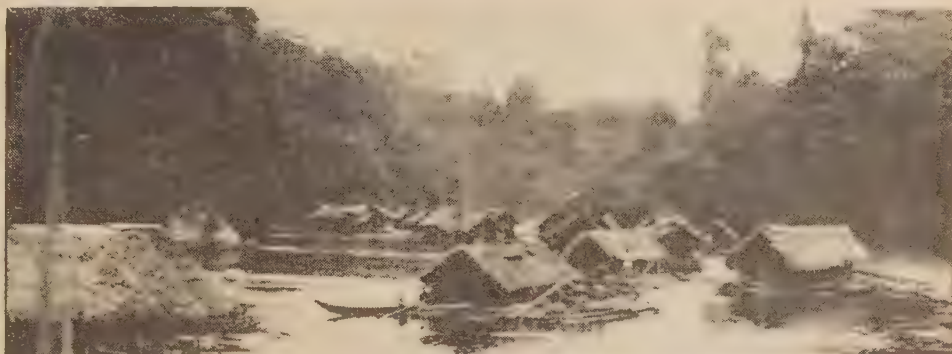
...ower taking the oath of office as the thirty-
of the United States during the inauguration
the Capitol in Washington on January 20.
left is Mr. Vinson, the Chief Justice



...nd on Saturday for a tour of the West Indies.
Trinidad in the oil tanker 'Regent Springbok',
aking hands with the captain and crew as she
the tanker at Wallsend



General Neguib speaking in Cairo on January 23 when he announced the formation of a
'Liberation Rally' to replace the Egyptian political parties which he had dissolved the previous
week. His speech opened four days of celebration marking the first six months of his regime



Houses from two Malayan villages being floated down the river
Kelanban on rafts to a resettlement area. The twenty-five-mile
journey took six days during which time the villagers were
protected by R.A.F. fighters and by armed guards on board the
rafts from attacks by guerrillas



Visitors to Kew Gardens on Sunday admiring a Chinese witch-
hazel in full bloom



A new method of rescue for airmen who have
crashed at sea: a rope and hook are lowered
from the helicopter for the rescued man to clip
to his life-jacket; he is then hauled up to the
aircraft by means of a winch. The life-jacket is
fitted with a packet of powder which, when
scattered on the water, makes a coloured patch
and enables the airman to be easily spotted

(continued from page 179)

egoism has, therefore, to be answered. But I must first answer another question: Why do we ask why? Let us begin with some examples. I may ask: 'Why have I caught this cold?' Or: 'Why does the sun rise in the morning?' Answers to such questions are expected to explain what happened, what usually happens, what we may expect to happen in the future. They may satisfy our thirst for knowledge. They may even suggest to us what to do if we want to interfere with future events in order to modify them. They may teach us to avoid colds, and possibly, some day, to force the sun to rise earlier. But they never tell me that it is better for me to catch a cold on a certain day, so that, by staying at home, I may escape the possibility of falling in love with a girl and eventually of getting into trouble with my wife.

A 'Why' Relating to Means

'Whys' of this kind, then, do not belong to the category amongst which I may hope to find the answer to the question: 'Why am I to choose altruism instead of egoism?' In answering a 'why' about historical or natural events I merely give their causes or reasons, which correspond to the ways in which I may expect to reproduce similar events in the future if I am able to reproduce the usual precedents. In other words, all the answers to those 'whys' are suggestions of means for possible action. They do not help me to know whether these actions ought to be performed in themselves. They are concerned with means, not with ends. And if I search for the 'whys' of my moral choice, I am evidently searching for the 'why' of an end. So, to use the language of philosophy, I must move from aetiology to teleology, from the realm of causes to the realm of ends.

Let us now see what happens when we ask a 'why' relating not to means but to ends; that is, to the reasons for our actions. I may ask, for instance: 'Why do you smoke?' Most probably I shall get the answer: 'Because I like it'. And if the person is stubborn, and sticks to his answer, I shall scarcely get any further. But suppose I am still more stubborn, and insist: 'Don't you think that the money you waste on cigarettes could be better used to buy your wife a new coat?' He may answer: 'But if I do not smoke I become a very uncomfortable husband and my wife will be much more unhappy than she is with her old coat'. I can then argue that he presupposes, at least in order to get rid of me, the superior value of his wife's happiness. Here one end, the wife's happiness, is given out to be more important than another, the smoker's personal satisfaction, and the latter is subservient to the first. A certain hierarchy of end may be deduced from every behaviour, and in this hierarchy the lower ends have their 'whys' in the higher.

What about the 'whys' asking after the reasons of the higher ends? I may go on questioning my man, and ask him: 'Why do you want the happiness of your wife?' He will answer: 'Because I love her'. 'But why do you love her?' At this point he will probably again lose patience, and tell me to mind my own business. But suppose he has learnt forbearance, and answers: 'Because Buddha teaches us to love our fellow men and, of course, women'. Then the next question is: 'And why do you want to follow the teaching of Buddha?' 'Because Buddha likes his teachings to be followed', he will answer, 'and I don't want to disregard his teachings'. 'But why do you think that allegiance to him is better than independence?' Now he will really lose his temper and tell me that there is a limit somewhere. But this impatience is telling; it sets in whenever other people appear to forget that any actual moral decision stops the infinite regression of the search for reasons. It is the exact psychological counterpart of the fact that the ultimate reason for the choice of the supreme end can only rest in the personal decision of its author.

In this moral hierarchy of ends, their subordination to each other is in most cases far more disconnected and incoherent than one would expect. This does not exclude that; the more this subordination is organised, the more coherent and effective is human life. This coherence may not be always a good in itself: we do not like certain men whose actions, without exception, are directed to a sole end. But this objection applies only to those cases in which the end, assumed as supreme, does not appear as deserving its position. When the end is the end which we consider as supreme, then we welcome the subordination of every other end to that one, and we repeat the Gospel's word, that a man cannot serve two masters. In all those cases the search for the 'whys' of our ends is identical with the search for the higher ends to which they have to be subordinated. This questioning is, therefore, essential in order to bring coherence and efficiency into the intricate fabric of human action.

But what about the ultimate end? If it is the ultimate, that is, if there is no higher end to which it can be subordinated, then the question as to why my will moves towards it must remain necessarily without answer. This question, therefore, appears to be the only question in the world, the only question in every thinkable world, which cannot receive any answer because every answer would be inconsistent with the very nature of its subject. Any 'because' answering that 'why' would mean the subordination of the supreme end to a higher end, whose existence we deny at the same moment. So, when we see that almost all moral valuations presuppose altruism, or the will to understand, as the ultimate standard of value we also realise why the question about the 'why' of its choice cannot be considered as a question which human reason has to answer if it is not to get a mark of inferiority. This has nothing to do with all the countless situations in which we feel unable to find an answer to a question and nevertheless must go on searching for one. In the situation we are considering, I can try to find an answer only if I have not yet understood the nature of the problem. Once I have understood it, the question vanishes of its own accord and I may express its disappearance in a symbolic way, as I do when in the 'because' I just repeat the 'why', saying, for instance, that I will understand others simply because I will understand others.

So, if I am not wrong, the question is wholly answered. I can understand why I must understand. I can understand why my liberal faith, in my duty of admitting doubt, can be free from every possible doubt—if only I decide to have that faith. I can understand how that kind of faith is only 'a firm foundation for doubt', and how, none the less, it is, in every moment in which I accept it, the most absolute and unconditional faith, even though it may lack any special content of religious, metaphysical, or philosophical theory. I certainly can, after all that, refuse that faith. But if I have really grasped the meaning of the whole problem, I cannot in any conceivable situation blame, for such a refusal, anybody else but myself.—*Third Programme*

The Prisoner

When that dawn he had burst
From his prison and fled
He seemed like one risen
Up from the dead:
The light was a dagger
Over his eyes
And he scanned all his friends
In dread and surprise.

Soon, of course, he forgot
His years in the cells,
The cries in the darkness,
The animal smells,
And always that longing
For bread, bread, bread;
Now he drank in the taverns
And slept on a bed.

But one night a shadow
Troubled his peace
And he dreamed of his comrades
Who knew no release,
Till a terrible longing
Burst in his brain
To share in their hunger,
To suffer their pain.

He packed his possessions,
And walked back the road
Towards the dark castle
That had been his abode;
But when he arrived there
He found only stones
Fallen hither and thither
Round a circle of bones.

FRANCIS KING

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Can the Christian Creeds Be Defended?

Sir,—The desire of Dr. Thouless to be objective and therefore 'to ask questions about the creeds, not to answer them' is surely qualified by his somewhat contradictory statements that 'it is neither the early date of the makers of the creeds nor any intellectual defect that they had as compared with the modern man that should make us cautious . . . ' and, in respect of 'dubious metaphysical assertions', ' . . . dubious . . . because the modern thinker is bound to feel a much graver doubt as to whether they are even meaningful . . . ' I submit it is precisely the nature of the modern mind, with its advantage of wider accumulated reflections, that can perceive how and why certain creedal phrases are outworn and invalid.

Moreover, can there be any true equation of the multiplication table with the creeds, even to illustrate the foolishness of rejecting a statement 'merely because it is old'. In the case of the multiplication table we register an impersonal provable fact but in the case of a creed we have the record of fallible personal conceptions whose very nature possesses neither obvious proof nor general assent.

Apart from this, however, is it not worthy of consideration that millions of people have been and are induced to repeat sentences that enable them to enter the Church even though they most imperfectly intellectually comprehend the multiplication table and the creeds? In the one case we register an impersonal, objective fact capable of rationally acceptable proof while the latter are records of fallible personal theological formulae incapable of generally acceptable proof.

Apart from this, however, is it not also worthy of consideration that millions of people are acceptable to the Church provided they assent to doctrinal statements that for the most part they do not or cannot intellectually comprehend, while others who may be either more intellectually alert or honest are excluded? A simple or a third-rate mind can repeat the creeds without compunction and is deemed, apparently, a more worthy Christian than those whose serious cogitations cause them to doubt the appropriateness of certain phrases employed by our ancestors!

There is, I believe, an ambiguous provision in the Church of England by which some doubts or difficulties can be overlooked if there be general consent, although in practice this rests on the variable though decisive judgments of priests or bishops. I understand the late Bishop Gore indicated he might not necessarily reject those who had some doubt about the Virgin Birth, although other bishops were and are more rigid in this respect. Did not the late Archbishop Temple possess such a difficulty until a period of meditation enabled him to secure that measure of more orthodox illumination by which he could enter the priesthood without further delay?

It would seem that membership of the Church of England rests frequently on an individual being able to ensure one of the following: (a) Accept and recite the creeds without the capacity or the desire intellectually to examine them. (b) Pretend to accept them while holding private mental reservations. (c) Project new meanings into ancient statements, even though apparently contrary to the intentions of the original authors. (d) Select an ordained examiner with whom there is temperamental or intellectual affinity.

Under these circumstances many of us who might be glad to share the communion of the venerable Anglican Church must remain unsuitable and unacceptable. But can this really be according to the mind of Christ—apart from the question of whether our intellectual disabilities may cause us to perish everlastingly?

Yours, etc.,

London, E.17 REGINALD W. SORESENSEN

The Contemplative Way

Sir,—I apologise for not having commented before this date on the letter in THE LISTENER of January 15. I have been abroad.

How right the Rev. H. D. Northfield was in saying that my talk was full to overflowing with generalisations. I myself felt it acutely during the process of broadcasting. I felt like a man with a tea tray on his head and going across a stream, stepping on slippery stones—each stone a generalisation that needed steadying—explanations, modifications, restrictions here, exceptions there. My only consolation was that I had squeezed in some such general cautions as, 'no single tradition has preserved intact a complete unity'.

As the precious seconds sped by, one would have liked to mention the Isa Upanishad, too, which deviates from the others I described. Then there were all those queer cosmologies, the advice on breathing, the mysterious power of the word 'om'. Who can speak of Hinduism and not mention the great theologies of Sankara and Ramanuja? I did, to my shame and chagrin. True, also, I was the most unfair to Buddhism and all its variants. But then so, too, was I unfair to Islam and Christianity. No mention by name of that distinct tradition of Denis, Eckhart, Nicholas of Cusa, of the mathematical ecstasy of Newton, nor of Little Gidding. Then what of the philosophical mysticism of Avicenna? All passed over in silence.

I had already overstepped my time by five minutes; with the Rev. Northfield's additions that would have increased by another five; while, had I had my way, the talk would have had to last five hours—an extension of time that even the long-suffering Third Programme quite rightly would not have tolerated.

Indeed I do venerate some elements of the Middle Ages which have now been neglected, as I do the teaching of Christ himself, in the sense that I would not disdain to accept all that was good in that period, and which we lack. One of those things is a fit setting for the contemplative way, namely monasticism. But, to avoid generalisations one must realise that monasticism is older than the Middle Ages, it dates back in the Christian world to the period of the Roman Empire.

I admit that I am not prepared to sit down with the atom bomb about and the Iron Curtain and whisper ecstatically: this is the best of all possible worlds. Nevertheless I echo the words of Pope Pius XI who said he thanked God he was born in this century of endeavour.

Yours, etc.,

York COLUMBA CARY-ELWES, O.S.B.

Causality in Modern Physics

Sir,—If Professor O. R. Frisch only realised that the ultimate question of causality is one of metaphysics and not one of physics, he would not be led into the error of saying that things can

happen without a cause. Just because he cannot catch the molecule on the 'hop' it does not mean that nothing causes a molecule to 'hop'.

An analysis of the concept of causality shows it to depend on the principle of contradiction, and to deny the principle of causality is, in fact, to deny the principle of contradiction. To deny the principle of contradiction is to say that things can both be and not be, which is nonsense.—Yours, etc.,

Petts Wood

SIDNEY WEST

Missing the Meaning

Sir,—It is a pleasant surprise that my talk has provoked more comment, at once kindly and very relevantly critical, than I expected. To take your correspondents' points in order:

(1) The adverbial use of 'pretty' in the sense of 'moderately' is of respectable antiquity (the O.E.D. takes it back to 1565), but it is no doubt a colloquial use, and, perhaps, on the glass houses principle, I should have been wiser to avoid it. But I do not think that the phrase was ambiguous, since if 'pretty' had been an adjective there would have been a comma after it in print, and in speech either a pause or more probably an 'and' ('pretty, well nourished', or 'pretty and well nourished').

(2) For the meaning I attached to 'telling his tale' there is no evidence, only probability. Milton himself does not help much, since in his poems he uses the word 'tale' only four times, three times certainly in the usual modern sense of 'story'. It is simply a matter of which picture one thinks Milton the more likely to have drawn, the more or the less 'professional': it is part of 'every shepherd's' business to count his sheep, but not part of it to tell stories—though he may well do so. I have little doubt what Milton meant, and even less what Stevenson thought he meant, but that is not evidence, and I stated my opinion too positively as a fact. Here is another Miltonic phrase which may amuse Mr. Jones and anyone else who is interested in such problems: 'the mighty Pan Was kindly come to live with them below'; did Milton mean by 'kindly' what we should mean (as it is no doubt possible that he did) or something much more strongly significant?

(3) No doubt Johnson could, in an appropriate context, as Mr. Griffiths convincingly demonstrates, have equated 'candour' with 'ingenuousness', but I do not think that the equation makes sense in the passage I quoted, or in, for example, these two others, one from the *Preface* and one from the *Life of Milton*: 'They [the earlier editors] have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed', where there is clearly a contrast between 'acrimony' and whatever 'candour' there means; 'Such are the faults of that wonderful performance *Paradise Lost*; which he who can put in balance with its beauties must be considered not as nice but as dull, as less to be censured for want of candour than pitied for want of sensibility'. Perhaps Mr. Griffiths and I can compromise on Johnson's own definition, 'kindness', though I think that he sometimes meant something stronger.

(4) I do realise that the perpetual reporting of sesquipedalian verbiage must create a germ-laden atmosphere of stylistic infection to which

only the strongest can establish or maintain an immunity. But I was thinking more of bad leader-writing and of the poorer sort of 'colourful' reporting not of speeches but of events, particularly sporting events. Even our most reputable journals are not blameless; I have just opened, in a kind of apprehensive hope, the morning's issue of one of them, and I raised the following at the first cast: 'Two personal elements—whether Craig will be allowed to play and Tayfield is fit to—are momentarily overshadowing the international aspect of Australia's fourth cricket Test against South Africa tomorrow'. What on earth, apart from the simply clear parenthesis, does it all mean, and how can an 'element' 'overshadow' an 'aspect', international or otherwise?—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.1 M. R. RIDLEY

Post-War Soviet Literature

Sir,—Shortly before listening to Professor Simmons' on post-war Soviet literature, I had read in the *Saturday Review of Literature* the complaint: 'Our literature is dismal, jaundiced... Sex perversions, the brutalities of battlefield crimes, reckless craving for titillation of the senses, obsess even the more serious writers'. And all the while the Professor was lamenting the fact that Soviet literature was based on a faith in man's goodness and in the triumph of the right, I felt him trying not to glance over his shoulder at the dismal spirits of his own country's literature, who at moments atmospherically gibbered or whined.

May I also take up some of his points? My own experience of the Soviet literary and publishing world in 1949 did not at all tally with the censor-ridden system he depicted with such assurance. And indeed it is hard to see how such a censor-controlled literature could produce works which would beget a loud and extensive medley of praise and blame, or how the critics, expressing different points of view, would then themselves become targets of criticism from writers, readers, and other critics. It would seem either that the censorship is incredibly inefficient or that the Professor's picture is not quite based on fact.

He lamented the 'silence' of many famous writers. But Sholokhov, for instance, is a slow writer, and sections of his work in progress have in fact been published. Leonov, whom he also mentioned, is very busy as critic, playwright, essayist—though the novel on which he told me that he was working is not yet completed. He too works very carefully: he called himself a miniaturist in his conversations with me, doing an injustice to his breadth of conception but stressing the poetic precision of his method.

The Professor however forgot to mention that many of the older writers like Fedin, or that magnificent poet Tikhonov, are very active both as writers and as literary personalities playing a part in all discussions, celebrations, etc.

Finally, I should like to say that a critic who complains of Malenkov's plea for a more imaginative and daring approach as yet another fetter, has an odd idea of what helps or impedes creative movement.

In the nineteen-thirties Soviet literary developments were often depicted here as barren and censor-ridden. Now the Professor admits their masterpieces and sees them as the result of 'comparative freedom'. In ten years' time the lamenters will be talking about the masterpieces of the post-war period (works like Nicolaivna's *Harvest*) and the period's 'comparative freedom'.

Yours, etc.,

Halstead JACK LINDSAY

The Abbé Breuil and Palaeolithic Art

Sir,—Your correspondent in *THE LISTENER* of January 22, Mr. James G. Gerrard, states

that when at Lascaux he could not get any information as to the methods of lighting which palaeolithic man used to make the famous cave paintings.

Strangely enough, if he had enquired at the museum at Les Eyzies, also in the Dordogne Valley, he would have gained the information at once. To translate freely from a book written by the local enthusiast, Monsieur D. Peyrony, *Éléments de Préhistoire*:

The discovery, by E. Rivière, at La Mouthe [one of the local caves] has solved this problem. The palaeolithic cave-dweller had not failed to notice that the fat (*suff*) running from meat which was being grilled at the fire burned rapidly. To take a natural geode, to fill it with fatty matter (*matières grasses*), to set fire to it—such was the first step of the inventor of the lamp. Finding the result hardly satisfactory (*peu élégant*), he selected stones and round pebbles, somewhat flattened (*légèrement aplatis*) in which he scraped a hollow (*creusa un godet*).

Discussing these lamps with Professor Sollas (author of *Ancient Hunters and their Modern Representatives*) some years ago, M. Peyrony added that the wick consisted of a scrap of moss, and that the lamps gave a light of about four candle-power and were practically smokeless.

Yours, etc.,

Tadworth

I. O. EVANS

The Intellectual and Politics

Sir,—Mr. J. B. Mayers has not quite hit the bull's-eye. The term 'social engineering' has two quite differing meanings, both used by Professor Popper, and differentiated by him by his prefixing the adjectives 'utopian' or 'piecemeal'. The version meant by Mr. Maude is clearly the utopian, while Mr. Mayers admits only the piecemeal. It should be made plain that the phrase has two opposed meanings and that it is rendered virtually meaningless by the omission of the appropriate adjective—Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

ROY MARTIN

The World of Hans Pfitzner

Sir,—If Pfitzner was indeed the 'fanatical National Socialist' Mr. Lesser's 'footnote' of January 22 would have us believe, perhaps he might care to explain why Pfitzner's operas received rarer and rarer performances under the Nazi regime and why Pfitzner (in 1939) felt obliged to write a polemical pamphlet opposing the national socialists' cultural policy—a pamphlet which, for obvious reasons, was never published but simply passed round from hand to hand.

Mr. Lesser seems to have read nothing of substance on Pfitzner since Abendroth's biography of 1935. Let me bring to his attention Hans Rutz's *Hans Pfitzner: Musik zwischen den Zeiten*, published in Vienna as recently as 1949. Therein he may discover some new facts which will correct his at present grossly over-simplified account of Pfitzner's attitude to the national socialists.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.21

DONALD MITCHELL

The Brontës in Ulster

Sir,—Mr. Jack Loudan writes, in *THE LISTENER* of January 8, that no one can deny that Patrick Brontë was encouraged to go to Cambridge by the Rev. Andrew Harshaw. What proof has he of this? Mr. Harshaw was Patrick's first benefactor and teacher but it is evident that his rector, the Rev. Thomas Tighe, was responsible for his going to Cambridge. Patrick had been for about four years master of the parochial school in Ballyroney—one of Mr. Tighe's parishes—before going to St. John's, Cambridge. Why St. John's? That was Mr. Tighe's old college before he became a Fellow

of Peterhouse. He would know what bursaries a poor student at St. John's could obtain and probably there were still some friends in Cambridge to whom he could recommend his protégé.

Patrick Brontë was almost certainly baptised in Mr. Tighe's church, Ballyroney. Nearly everything about the Brontës was different from normal. When I was rector of Banbridge, on the edge of the Brontë country, Canon Lett, rector of the neighbouring parish of Loughbrickland, used to tell me of his discovery, years before, of the baptismal register of Ballyroney Church on the counter of a grocer's shop in Banbridge. When he rescued it the pages of the date of Patrick's baptism were gone, but the baptismal entries of several of his younger brothers and sisters remained.

On the general question of the credibility of the Rev. Dr. Wright's romantic, grandiloquent tales there can be only an unfavourable verdict. The higher criticism of Mr. Angus MacKay and others has devastated it beyond reply. Mr. Loudan uses an argument in defence—that there has been a Welsh Brontë in every generation of the family. But this torpedoed the whole lurid legend of the abduction of Hugh Brontë. Had Hugh been tortured by the wicked foundling, Welsh, as alleged, he would certainly not have called one of his sons after the monster. Miss Shannon, the granddaughter of Hugh's son Welsh, lived near the old home until about fifteen years ago. She was an intelligent person, always vigilant to defend the truth about her family. She maintained that her grandfather was named after a local clergyman called Welsh.

No one had a more intimate knowledge of the Brontës in our time than my late friend, the Rev. J. B. Lusk, the able minister of Glascar. When the Brontë controversy flourished at the end of the nineteenth century Dr. Robertson Nicoll invited him to London and utilised his first-hand information. Patrick Brontë's sister, Alice, and others of the family, were members of his congregation. While not defending the fantastic details of Dr. Wright he told me there was a substratum of reality in the book. The Brontës were not as other people. On one point he was positive—that the name was spelled Brontë long before Patrick went to England. He had seen old documents with that signature. In that part of Co. Down it was not unusual for one form of a name to be used in popular parlance and another in writing. I had a sexton there known to everyone as Hinton. He and his children always signed themselves Hampton.

There is no doubt that Charlotte Brontë kept up communication with her Irish relations. I have in my possession a small photograph (the customary one) that she sent them.

Yours, etc.,

Belfast

W. DOWN AND DROMORE

Delights of Old Sweets

Sir,—I felt sympathy with Sir Compton Mackenzie in his regret for the passing of the sweets of yesterday. I hoped until the end of the broadcast that he would mention 'Cupid's Whispers' though, admittedly, these would not have been a schoolboy's choice.

They were sweet, discs the size of a halfpenny (for which coin one could buy about a dozen). They were of delicate, pastel colours, flavoured with exciting though slightly nauseating scents which lingered on the breath. Each disc bore a printed message, such as, 'I love you', 'My Sweetheart', and an offer from a small bag of these from a fortunate friend could prove most rewarding. The words remained as the sweet slowly melted in the mouth. My favourite was a brown-pink one flavoured with cinnamon; the message has gone but the flavour seems to remain.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.5

A. B.

Some Influences on Modern Poetry

The second of four talks by C. DAY LEWIS

THE poet must be tuned to receive the meanings of his own time. He must also be earthed—in tradition. This tradition, to change the metaphor a little, is a sort of compost, to whose making has gone the poetry of many centuries and countries. English poetry today not only derives nourishment from Chaucer and Wordsworth, from Virgil and Baudelaire: in a sense, its growth is conditioned, its form modified, however slightly or remotely, by every good poem that has been written in English, and by many other European influences as well. But the individual poet need not be aware of this. At any given time, when a poetic revolution is taking place, he is consciously reacting in two directions: he reacts away from the poetic language of his immediate predecessors; he responds to the lead of some original contemporary, or to the influence of some earlier poet or school of poetry: very likely he does both.

Just as the poetry of the Georgians was, amongst other things, a reaction against that of the 'nineties, so poetry after 1917, when 'Prufrock' appeared, began to react away from the poetic language of the Georgians. I do not mean that every good poet followed Mr. Eliot's lead. Hardy and Yeats had, respectively, another ten and twenty years of writing before them. Poets as diverse as Mr. de la Mare, Mr. Frost, Miss Sitwell, and Mr. Blunden were to pursue their own paths. But upon the main stream of poetry Mr. Eliot—both his verse and his criticism—was to exercise a greater influence than any of these: greater even than Yeats. Mr. Eliot's work, however, was only one of the influences to which my own generation submitted. Through it we made or renewed contact with the poetry which influenced him—with the late Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists, with Donne and the metaphysicals, with the French post-symbolist poets, with Ezra Pound. It is influences, the sources of contemporary verse, that I am considering here.

What do we mean by 'influence'? Poets are affected by three kinds of influence—by the language of other poets, by the climate and events of their time, and by the events of their own private lives. The last of these, though for the individual poet it may well be the most important, I cannot go into, because I am discussing general tendencies. As for the second, amongst the events which have left deep impressions on contemporary English verse are the 1914 war, the rise of communism, the slump of 1929-31, Sigmund Freud's theories, the approach of the second world war, the explosion of the first atom bomb, the welfare state. Not so much the events themselves, as the states of mind and the sensibility which they produce or which lead to them, are the poet's province. I shall be saying more about this in my next talk. For the present, let us stick to the first influence I mentioned—the language of other poets.

It is closely linked with the question of sensibility. By 'the modern sensibility' we mean the modes of thinking and feeling, of responding to experience, which are created or conditioned by the events and general climate of our time. These modes of thinking and feeling affect, in turn, the language of poetry. As Mr. W. H. Auden has said: 'There can be no art without a convention which emphasises certain aspects of experience as important and dismisses others to the background. A new convention is a revolution in sensibility': that is to say, a new variant of the poetic language arrives, adapted to a changed sensibility. The poet may even anticipate this change of sensibility (as Blake did, for instance), and express it in his verse before the rest of us are aware of it; in which case, we can fairly call his poetry 'prophetic'.

Let me try to illustrate what I mean. You are all familiar with the passage in one of Hamlet's soliloquies which runs:

... Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all . . .

Hamlet has been torn between the moral obligation to take revenge upon the King for his father's death, and his fear that his father's ghost may have been a demon in disguise luring him on to kill a man who is in fact innocent. As a renaissance man, he fears damnation after death no less than he fears the dishonour of failing to fulfil the moral obligation of revenge. It is this conflict, arising out of the renaissance sensibility, which plots the play and points the meaning of 'conscience'.

Now here is a passage from Meredith's 'Modern Love'. The hero's wife is unfaithful to him, but she has a conscience about it. He is bitterly jealous, has murderous feelings against her, which nevertheless conflict with pity and love:

Yet it was plain she struggled, and that salt
Of righteous feeling made her pitiful.
Poor twisting worm, so queenly beautiful!
Where came the cleft between us? Whose the fault?
My tears are on thee, that have rarely dropped
As balm for any bitter wound of mine:
My breast will open for thee at a sign!
But, no: we are two reed-pipes, coarsely stopped:
The God once filled them with his mellow breath;
And they were music till he flung them down.

Those lines illustrate a revolution in sensibility. Renaissance man would have had no moral compunction about taking revenge upon a faithless wife. Even Victorian man thought this poem, 'Modern Love', extremely immoral: but Meredith was ahead of his time in refusing to champion the belief that there is one law for the man, another for the woman. His hero takes his wife's guilt and failure upon his own conscience: they are 'two reed-pipes, coarsely stopped'. Again, compare this with the scene in Mr. Eliot's 'The Cocktail Party', where Reilly says to Edward, who is being reconciled to his faithless wife but is tormented by the effect this may have upon his own ex-mistress:

Your business is not to clear your conscience
But to learn how to bear the burdens on your conscience.
With the future of the others you are not concerned.

Here is yet another complete change of attitude towards the problem of guilt: Mr. Eliot's human understanding of it, unlike Meredith's, is ordered by Christian moral and theological doctrine. In each of those three extracts we get a different kind of poetic language. And one fundamental reason why they differ is that each represents a different kind of sensibility—not merely in the author, but in his age.

What has all this got to do with influences? A poet faced with a 'revolution in sensibility', and requiring a new convention, a new variant of language to deal with it, finds himself impelled towards certain poets of the past or present, as mediators between himself and his experience. He feels, you might say, a special affinity with them: that is why, in the nineteen-thirties, we used to call such poets 'ancestors'. The last thing I ought to do is to generalise on behalf of my contemporaries: if we could plot each individual poet's development, we would get a different pattern of influences with each, and we would see the pattern changing with his own preoccupations and as he learns to find his own true voice. We should notice Mr. Auden, for example, breaking suddenly away from the influence of Thomas Hardy, which was so strong in his juvenilia: we could follow Mr. Spender's struggles to assimilate the influence of Rilke, or the impression made upon Mr. Eliot's work, at different stages, by Laforgue and by Dante. No two poets' minds, temperaments, or personal experience are alike, and therefore no two poets will have exactly the same needs at the same time. But, in so far as every generation is subjected to certain events, currents of thought, systems of society, and so on, its poets are bound to have certain experience and needs in common. To this extent we can generalise about influences; we can point out a group of poets turning to some predecessor for help in solving their own problems.

For instance, the past thirty years have seen a revival of interest in the metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century. What specially attracted us to John Donne, Herbert, Vaughan? They seemed to be

speaking our language; or rather, speaking a language which could help us to find our own. They lived in an age not unlike ours—what is glibly called 'an age of transition', one of spiritual unrest and political disturbance, when familiar modes of life, inherited values, were being assailed by new scientific theories, new social patterns. So, instinctively, we turned to them. John Donne was a revolutionary poet, because he extended the range of the lyric; he grafted on to it a dramatic element, and he brought into it a great variety of subject matter, using for metaphor and simile the discoveries, scientific ideas, and sense-data of his time. His love poems are built up on a passionate, dramatic argument. So are many of George Herbert's religious poems. The conventional, stock 'properties' of the lyric are discarded in favour of material sometimes much homelier, sometimes very exotic and far-fetched. For these poets, as Mr. Eliot has said, 'the intellect was at the tips of the senses'. Their poetry, at its best, seems to think and feel simultaneously. An extension of range, together with a concentration of language; an intellectually inquiring poetry; a dramatic-colloquial manner—these are some of the qualities which poets of my generation admired in Donne and the metaphysicals, and by which their own verse was influenced.

I will illustrate this by setting beside each other a poem of George Herbert's and an early poem of my own. They have a certain resemblance of theme: but what I want you to notice is the resemblances in language and rhythm. Here is Herbert's poem, 'Life':

I made a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part
Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

Now my own poem: it is one of a number written before the birth of my first child; it says how the two parents have to grow apart a little to leave space, living room, as it were, for the coming child.

Beauty's end is in sight,
Terminus where all feather joys alight.
Wings that flew lightly
Fold and are iron. We see
The thin end of mortality.

We must a little part,
And sprouting seed crack our cemented heart.
Who would get an heir
Initial loss must bear:
A part of each will be elsewhere.

What life may now decide
Is past the clutch of caution, the range of pride.
Speaking from the snow
The crocus lets me know
That there is life to come, and go.

Another major influence on contemporary verse is Gerard Manley Hopkins. He was a Jesuit priest: he died in 1889, but his poems were not published till 1918. He developed in them a remarkable intensity, compactness and audacity of language: he used elaborate patterns of internal rhyme and assonance, producing an extremely complex verbal music: he systematised metres based upon what he called 'sprung rhythm'. The principle of sprung rhythm is that you have so many beats or stresses per line: between the stressed syllables, you can have anything up to four unstressed syllables; or you may have two, even three stresses immediately one after the other. Whereas most English poetry before Hopkins was in metres regulated by the number of syllables per line, much recent verse is based on the number of stresses. To follow the rhythms of contemporary verse, you need

to accustom your ear to these stress-metres. Here is a poem by Hopkins, 'The Starlight Night'—a sonnet with five beats to the line—which will give you a good idea of his rhythm, his adventurous use of language, and his loaded texture: it is full of alliteration, internal rhyme, and assonance:

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well, it is all a purchase, all is a prize.
Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-bloom, like on mealed-with-yellow shallows!
These are indeed the barn; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and his mother and all his hallows.

You notice, though in one way that is a very elaborate, artificial poem, its phrasing often has a colloquial turn: we get the same mixture of artifice and naturalness in John Donne and the metaphysicals. Hopkins' influence is potent and dangerous: he developed this style as the best way of saying certain things which were peculiar to himself—to his imagination and his religious faith. So there is a danger, because this style is so infectious, of merely copying his idiosyncracies, his mannerisms, without possessing a structure of thought or an imaginative tension capable of carrying them. Here are two pieces of contemporary verse, which would not have taken the form they have taken if Hopkins had not written, yet show his influence thoroughly assimilated. First, a passage from 'Europa and the Bull', by W. R. Rodgers:

But look! the Bull! indubitably bull,
Elbowing slowly through the obeisant herd,
Blazing and bellowing. His massy head,
Laden like a dahlia, dallied and swung,
And his vast eye slid to and fro as sharp
And glaucous as sea-holly, salting all
Their thoughts with suddenness. They hardly knew
What most to admire: but most his hub of power
And circumambience of gentleness
Delighted them. Arms curved and craved to stroke
His milky sides, insidiously veined
With watery blues and bloody ivyings.
But how describe him? words can only add
To lightning the thunder's redundancy.
He was most godlike and most temperate.

Second, George Barker's sonnet, 'To My Mother':

Most near, most dear, most loved and most far,
Under the window where I often found her
Sitting as huge as Asia, seismic with laughter,
Gin and chicken helpless in her Irish hand,
Irresistible as Rabelais, but most tender for
The lame dogs and hurt birds that surround her—
She is a procession no one can follow after
But be like a little dog following a brass band.
She will not glance up at the bomber, or condescend
To drop her gin and scuttle to the cellar,
But lean on the mahogany table like a mountain
Whom only faith can move, and so I send
O all my faith and all my love to tell her
That she will move from mourning into morning.

In the year that Hopkins' poems were first published, Wilfred Owen was killed on the Western Front. Many of us consider him the best of the war poets; and he might have developed into a major poet, had he survived. My own generation felt him as another of their 'ancestors'. I will tell you why in a moment. First, here is a poem of his, 'Futility':

Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.

Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

The language is simple and direct: it clenchs into a fist to hit one with that monosyllabic, knock-out line, 'Was it for this the clay grew tall?'—a line which would stand out even in a late play of Shakespeare's or a poem of John Donne's, and reminds us of their idiom—the grand manner unadorned. You will have noticed Owen's use of consonantal rhymes—star/stir, seeds/sides, tall/toil—a device much employed, though seldom so pointedly, by poets of the next generation. But it was the spirit of Owen's poetry, even more than its technique, which was to prove so pervasive and acceptable to us. In the notes he wrote for a preface to his war poems, we find these words:

My subject is War, and the pity of War.

The Poetry is in the pity.

Yet these elegies are to this generation in no sense consolatory. They may be to the next. All a Poet can do today is warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful.

To a generation which had to find its way about the waste land, and wished to build something on it—a generation faced with the slump and widespread unemployment at home, with the rise of fascism and the shadow of another world war, Owen's compassion and uncompromising strength offered an example. It is fair to say that the turn towards so-called 'social realism' which poetry took in the 'thirties, and its preoccupation with political themes, were led by the spirit of Wilfred Owen saying, 'All a Poet can do today is warn. That is why the true Poets must be truthful'. But Owen represented something more widely important. The poets of the Romantic Movement had extended the range of man's sensibility. Owen, more than any other poet of our century, except Hardy, broadened the field of human sympathy. Just as, in 'The Dynasts', Hardy's vision comprehended equally Napoleon, Pitt, Nelson, and the common soldier of the European armies—'the human race', he wrote, 'to be shown as one great network or tissue which quivers in every part when one point is shaken, like a spider's web if touched'—so Wilfred Owen, who returned to the Western Front to live and die with his men, who believed his duty was to share and speak for their sufferings, became the poet of the Unknown Warrior.

These, then, are some of the influences upon contemporary verse. Only some. W. H. Auden, for example, who himself strongly influenced his own generation and the next, learnt from poets as diverse as Langland, Byron, Emily Dickinson, and T. S. Eliot. Robert Graves' earlier work owed much to Skelton. Then, in the past twenty years, English verse has been modified by the theory and practice of—to name only a few—the French poet Paul Valéry, the Spanish Lorca, contemporary

Greek poets, the American Ezra Pound. But on the whole the past ten years have been a period of examining and consolidating the gains made by the poetic experiments and innovations of the 'twenties and 'thirties in the field of language. I shall discuss these in more detail during my next two talks. There is one other major influence, though, who must be mentioned now, the German poet, Rilke.

Rilke, who died in 1926, first became known to those of us who cannot read German through the translations of J. B. Leishman, Stephen Spender, and Edward Sackville-West. His influence made itself felt most strongly at the point where English poets began to react away from the social preoccupations of the earlier 'thirties, when poetry was turning inwards again—into itself, or into man's spiritual nature—towards religion. Rilke's poetry offers guidance to any such movement; for it is concerned, at the deepest level, with the process of creation: he imagined God, Truth, Spiritual Reality, as an existence not finished or perfect but continuously being created by individual men, in rather the same way that a poem is created, through the transformation of the world of phenomena, and its absorption into themselves. After writing of the experiences a poet must have to make a poem, he goes on:

And still, even to have memories is not sufficient. If there are many of them, one must be able to forget them, and one must have the great patience to wait till they return. Only if they become blood within us, sight and gesture, nameless and no longer distinguishable from ourselves, only then is it possible, in some very rare hour, for the first word of a verse to arise in their midst and proceed from them.

This discipline and devotion of art, this belief in the inner world, in its power to absorb, transform, reconcile the apparent chaos of the outer world, has profoundly affected the course of recent poetry. It is a call to order, a challenge to poets to reconsider the first principles of their art, and realise its essentially religious vocation. We will end with Rilke's sonnet about the unicorn* which beautifully expresses his faith in the creative power of the inner world, the world of the imagination:

This is the creature that has never been.
They never knew it, and yet, none the less,
They loved the way it moved, its suppleness,
Its neck, its very gaze, mild and serene.
It wasn't, but, because they loved it, got
To be alive. They'd always leave some space,
And it, in that clear space which they'd allot
Would lightly lift its head, with scarce a trace
Of need to be. They fed it, not with corn,
But only with their feeling that it might
Exist. And that was able to confer
Such strength, its forehead grew a horn. One horn.
It came up to a virgin once, all white,
And was within the mirror and in her.

—Home Service

* From *The Sonnets to Orpheus*, translated by J. B. Leishman. Hogarth Press.

The Ghosts of Frangocastello

By XAN FIELDING

NO one seems to know exactly when the Ghosts of Frangocastello were seen for the first time. They were certainly well known by the end of the last century, for they are mentioned in a *Diary of the Cretan Rebellion of 1895* and the author explains what they are meant to be: a spectral army, a cohort of phantoms, the regimented, materialised souls of 385 soldiers who were killed in a battle during the Greek War of Independence. Clearly, then, they were already a familiar phenomenon, but they had not yet been given the name by which they are known today—the Drossoulites, or Dewy Shades, so called because they appear only when the dew of early morning is still on the ground.

During the years I spent in Crete I had heard quite a lot about these Shades, and spoken to several people who had actually seen them. So I felt in a slightly stronger position, a little closer to the problem, perhaps, than those *pukka sahibs* and *mem-sahibs* with their second- and third- and even fourth-hand accounts of the famous Indian rope-trick. The accounts I had had of the ghosts were at least from eye-witnesses. Still, I had never seen them myself. This year I determined to be on the spot

in time for their annual appearance. But before I describe my visit to the scene of the phenomenon, I must explain a little of its historical background.

I must ask you to imagine a small, seaside plain on the south coast of the island. The time is the late spring of 1828. After four years of fighting, the rebel forces have been driven back to this narrow strip of land between the sea and a horse-shoe ring of mountains. The rest of the island is dominated by the Turks, and isolated from the successful insurgent movement on the mainland. The morale of the local chieftains is low. They feel—and with some justification—that the Governor of Greece has let them down and abandoned them. They have simply been left to stew in their own juice. The free territory still in their control is less than a mile wide and can hardly support its own small population, yet the whole resistance movement is concentrated here: in the two villages of Patsianos and Kapsodasos nestling against the foothills, in the Venetian fortress of Frangocastello already half ruined and standing isolated on the beach, and in the monastery of Saint Charalambos lying unprotected in the open fields. And a Turkish attack is imminent.

This was the situation in Crete when the Epirote leader, Hadjimichalis Deliannis, landed with a small relieving force of 300 foot-soldiers and eighty cavalymen. No one could question the courage and patriotism of this new commander. The outbreak of the war had found him in Trieste. He returned to Greece at once with a cargo of arms bought with his own money, and promptly presented it to the insurgents. He then organised a cavalry force, 800 strong, again at his own expense, and with this private army sailed to Beirut to try to persuade the Emir governing the Lebanon to revolt against the Sultan. Unfortunately his rough-and-ready troops were under the impression they were landing in the Lebanon as an army of occupation, and immediately started to behave as such. Hadjimichalis managed to withdraw them just in time to avoid a disaster. Back in Greece, he served on various fronts all over the country—in the Peloponnese and in the fighting round Athens—before he was finally promoted to the Cretan command. He was therefore an experienced soldier. But not an experienced general. Although he knew he would be heavily outnumbered—for Mustapha Pasha had openly announced his intention of attacking with at least 8,000 men—Hadjimichalis insisted on basing his troops on the untenable fortress and meeting the enemy on the flat ground outside. The local chieftains advised him to take up a defensive position with them in the hills, but he refused to listen and even accused them of cowardice. 'I'll do the fighting then', he is reported to have said, 'And you can sit up there and look on'.

This remark is about the only indication we have of his character. I feel he must have been the sort of man whom the passage of time and Greek historians have glamorised into a figure at once trite and improbably noble—the typical, almost stylised *palikari*, beetle-browed, hook-nosed, and heavily moustachioed, who is always represented armed with a breach-loading musket as tall as himself, and caparisoned with crossed bandoliers, a piratical pistol, and a brace of silver-sheathed, ivory-hilted yatagans—a fierce, good-looking, lion-hearted man, but stubborn to the point of stupidity. Hadjimichalis had always underestimated his enemy, and had no idea of the fighting qualities of the Cretan Turks, who were not Turks at all but islamised islanders, who therefore had the same courage and tenacity as their Christian compatriots—that, at least, is the explanation given by a Cretan historian. As on so many other points of history where parochial loyalties are involved, the versions of the same account differ. The Epirote version, for instance, claims that Mustapha's troops were not Cretan but Albanian. But, whatever their nationality, the outcome of the battle was a foregone conclusion.

In the early hours of May 18, the large Moslem force that was expected poured into the plain and surged up against the walls of the fortress. In the smoke and confusion of the fighting, the defenders on the surrounding hills were unable to distinguish between friend and foe, and so could offer no support at all. By the end of the day the small Greek garrison had been wiped out. Hadjimichalis himself, an easy target on his white charger, had been brought down and beheaded. His body was later recovered by the Abbot of Saint Charalambos and secretly buried in a corner of the monastery; those of his troops were put into a common grave in some caves overlooking the sea. Since then, it is supposed, they have returned to haunt the scene of their death struggle, and every year, on the date of the defeat, the spectral army can be seen parading across the one-time battlefield.

The Dewy Shades

This year I went down to Frangocastello on the eve of the anniversary. Sitting in the small coffee-shop overlooking the plain I was given further details about the Dewy Shades. Everyone in the place claimed to have seen them at least once in his life; some had seen them even more than once and—which was very strange—more than once in the same year, but always about the same time: in May or early June. This was the first I had heard of such an anachronism. Surely the ghosts, if they turned up at all, would turn up on the anniversary and not at any other time? But this question did not bother the local peasants. It was probably something to do with the change from the old calendar to the new—that, at least, was their explanation. And it seemed as reasonable as any other.

I asked them to describe exactly what they saw each time the Dewy Shades appeared. Their individual descriptions never varied. The ghosts they said, always materialised at the same time of day: a few minutes before the sun came over the surrounding crags. They were invisible from the village, but could be seen quite clearly from the fields just below—a vast column of armed soldiers, some on foot, others

on horseback, all a little larger than life-size. They emerged at first from the neighbourhood of the monastery and would then move slightly above ground level, in the direction of the fortress, where they vanished as soon as the first rays of the sun struck the fields. They appeared most clearly, it was noticed, when the weather was unusually damp and just before a north wind was due. In these conditions their swords and firearms could be easily distinguished, and one shape, even taller than the others, could be seen at their head—the phantom of Hadjimichalis himself.

The clearest apparition of all had been in 1928—which, of course, was only to be expected since that year was the centenary of the battle. On that occasion the ghosts had seemed so life-like that a woman working in the fields had mistaken them at a distance for a gang of harvesters arriving from another village. Later still, during the occupation in the last war, they had again been mistaken for a living crowd; and the German coastguards stationed in the plain had fired on them, thinking that an allied landing was under way.

Theories, Reasonable and Wild

Some of the younger men in the coffee-shop ridiculed their elders' belief in the ghosts. They could not deny what they themselves had seen with their own eyes, but they refused to admit the possibility of a psychic phenomenon. One of them was certain it was simply a question of mass auto-suggestion. But if that were so, I asked him, why should the apparition take place at regular intervals and at a definite time each year? Another suggested it was nothing but the elongated shadows of the crags moving across the plain. But these, I pointed out, would move in exactly the opposite direction at that time of the morning. Yet another claimed that the Dewy Shades were shadows, not of the rocks, but the projected shadows of a caravan crossing the African desert which lay due south from us across the sea. Various other theories were advanced, some of them tediously reasonable, others wonderfully wild, but all were agreed on the one essential point: the ghosts were just an optical illusion.

I did not want to believe this myself. I did not want these ghosts to be a mere mirage, to be explained away with scientific logic as something 'due to progressive, but sporadic, variations in the refractive indices of adjacent layers of the atmosphere'. That sort of jargon might be good enough for the Fata Morgana of the Straits of Messina, or for the Spectre of the Brocken in the Harz Mountains, but not, I felt, for the Dewy Shades of Frangocastello. I was sure they deserved a more exciting explanation, and I hoped that I would find one in the morning.

I was up and out in the fields well before first light. Leaving my bed so early had been no hardship, for Patsianos was the most flea-ridden village I had ever come across, and sleep had been out of the question. It was a relief to be outside and in the open. The harvesters were already assembling in the darkness and, as the sky faded above the crags in the east, the fields around me slowly took shape and I began to distinguish the individual features of the landscape. It was too early yet to be aware of any colour in it but every outline was now quite clear, especially the dark shapes of the women bending at their work, their curved backs rising and falling like playful dolphins in the billowing sea of corn. I could not imagine this peaceful, pastoral scene ever being disturbed by an unexplained visitation. Yet it was now or never that the ghosts were to appear. The sun was already approaching the skyline and announcing its approach indirectly. The crags were thrown into sharper silhouette, as the hump of a road is sometimes outlined by night against the glare of ascending but still invisible headlights. I peered across the corn in the direction of the abandoned monastery and kept peering, until I saw the rays of the sun glinting on the parchment-coloured stone. So, the Dewy Shades had failed me, anyway for that morning. I was disappointed, but not really surprised. In that utterly un-spooky atmosphere I had hardly expected them to materialise.

But I tried again the next day, and the day after that, and every other day for a week—with less and less conviction. I began to realise that I would never see these ghosts, that they would never show themselves to me. It was almost as if they resented my presence and were only waiting for me to leave before consenting to appear before the unastonished peasants in the fields. They had behaved like this before, I remembered. In 1928, the year they showed themselves more clearly than ever, two Englishmen from the Society for Psychical Research had travelled to Crete to investigate. They had reached Frangocastello at the right time and had stayed even longer than I had—all to no purpose. But as soon as they had packed up and left, the

Dewy Shades marched out in all their splendour, several days late, it is true, for by then it was June 4, but, by way of compensation, they repeated their performance twice, on the sixth and again on the seventh. So I was not unduly surprised when I learned a little later that they behaved in the same way this year. Less than a week after

my departure, they showed themselves on two successive days. I still feel slightly annoyed that even ghosts in Greece are unwilling or incapable of turning up on time. But then the Greeks have never made a virtue of punctuality, neither in this life nor, it seems, in whatever life there is to come.—*Third Programme*

Why Do Men Go on Strike?

(continued from page 167)

relationships. All we have to do is to stop ourselves from saying 'why?' If absenteeism rises at the same time as labour turnover then we can assume they are related in their rising, but we should not assume any more. Here, I think, this point could be clarified by a simile of the industrial body and the human body. A patient keeps to bed, his work is reduced. He shows several conditions which we might take to be answers to his bodily needs (psychological need). These are symptoms, and we might liken strikes to a skin rash (in fact, one can speak of a rash of strikes in every-day conversation). We might liken absenteeism to lassitude, accidents to stiffness of the limbs, disputes to headaches, labour turnover to abdominal pain.

The doctor does not just look at a rash and diagnose the cause. First of all, he finds out if there are other symptoms which, together, form a particular constellation or pattern, a syndrome. His diagnosis is based on the totality of symptoms. Suppose, among other things, the patient has a headache. Looking at such a symptom in itself the doctor would be right in thinking that the patient should not be off work, that he is a hypochondriac and irrational. But if the doctor finds other symptoms as well, then the headache has a new meaning for him, there is a greater justification for staying off work. The doctor does not look at one symptom alone and treat the patient accordingly. Far less does he treat the symptom. It would be ridiculous to treat a patient only with aspirin because he had a headache, when at the same time he was running a temperature, a rapid pulse, could not move his legs, and had spots. To do so would be irrational. But is this any more irrational than believing that negotiation on a strike will cure its cause, especially when we know the strike to be part of a pattern of industrial sickness, as we might call it, without committing ourselves to one cause or causes, economic or otherwise. It is hardly more irrational than the behaviour of the strikers themselves, but it is the normal behaviour of our industrial doctors today.

Let us return to our patient. The doctor looks at the pattern of symptoms, and, on the basis of his experience, he can predict the development of some of those symptoms. He can see catarrh and fever, then say 'you'll have spots tomorrow'. The mother of a large family would be able to say the same about her youngest child, if the elders had had measles. She does not know what the cause of measles is. To her the symptoms are measles, and her prediction is based on that.

In the same way, good managers have experience of the symptoms of industrial sickness among their charges, and they too can predict. I will give you an example. I had been working in a colliery for some time and, after watching conditions, analysing certain data and extrapolating curves, I felt confident enough to say to a manager that I thought a strike was likely in about three weeks' time. His answer? 'Yes, I know, and I wish to hell they'd get it out of their system, and get on with production'. This answer was full of meaning. He said he knew, but when I asked, he could not explain to me how he knew. He felt. By that I mean that he had seen exactly what I saw, perhaps more, but had not consciously brought together all these data and analysed them logically. Second, he saw the relationship between lowering production and the potential strike. Neither was causal to the other, the strike had to come, as part of the pattern. Third, he knew that once the strike was over production would recover, and that was his major concern. Some disorder would 'get out of their system'; his plant was sick. This brings me to a most important point. Suppose we teach managers how to recognise the various patterns of industrial sicknesses and, feeling strikes imminent, they took steps to prevent them, nipping them in the bud, so to speak. That would be treatment of the symptom, just as much as negotiation after the strike had begun—though I must admit it would be easier. The sickness, or sicknesses whatever they are, would remain, and would be likely to express themselves in other ways. If they could not find expression in group activity they might in individual behaviour. And that might be far more serious in reducing production than the unofficial strike. After all, the average worker through-

out the country loses only about one hour's work each year owing to unofficial strikes. Knowles actually gives passing mention to this possibility. The manager I referred to was wise enough not to take that risk. Let the strike come and go, it was a kind of relief as it were, and the symptom of lowered productivity was improved, for a little time anyway—until the next strike condition.

This immediately raises the problem of our evaluation of the unofficial strike. In British culture 'work' is good, therefore rejection or avoidance of work tends to be thought of as bad. A strike reduces work, it is therefore bad. Production is apparently reduced, the nation suffers, therefore the strike is also wrong. We tend to judge in terms of right and wrong, as well as good and bad. In fact, since the general belief has been that the unofficial strike is wrong, we once passed an Order making it illegal.

But from two vital points of view our judgment as observers may be regarded as fallacious. From the striker's standpoint the strike may be illegal and so wrong, but he may feel or know that it is good. For one example I can quote Knowles. 'A strike must still, no less than in the past, be regarded as an exercise of social freedom, and a too-ready acceptance of economic necessity and political expediency in order to limit social freedom may produce greater economic (and political) evils than strikes. To this extent, strikes as we know them, may be justified at present'. There are other and deeper reasons why a strike may seem good to the striker, but I cannot go into these now. In any case it is no wonder that the Order making unofficial strikes illegal had to be revoked. The other standpoint is that of the manager I have quoted. The strike may be wrong in law, but he knows it is sometimes good for production.

We have come a long way in analysis of strikes without even seeking causes and causal relationships and indulging in the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Let me try to show, as I see it, the state of research on the causes of strikes. Having studied external symptoms, we are now dissecting the industrial body to know what lies internally. We are long since past the stage of so many naive statements of today that the informal organisation of the industrial body is of prime importance. We know the relationships of the involuntary nervous system of communication which activates the heart, the lungs, and the liver of our industrial set-up. Already the well-trained industrial relations man and the good manager can put fingers on some of the deep areas affected by the sickness (without knowing the cause of the sickness), and they treat these areas empirically, with considerable success, too. These men have 'know how' but not knowledge.

A task the universities have now set themselves is to study the functioning of the system in sickness—industrial pathology, so to speak—and, by experiment, to show how the diseased organ works, what the disease is, and finally how it can be treated. That is knowledge. We can codify the 'know-how' of good managers, add it to this knowledge and pass the result on to our industrialists—when they show a desire to have that knowledge!

But until our industrialists and trade unionists have learned to recognise strikes for what they are, and until they learn that 'know-how' is not knowledge, but merely 'tricks' as one famous personage called it, then perhaps it is better in some cases that we have these unofficial strikes. The last words in Knowles' book are these: 'Strikes fulfil the function of calling immediate attention to weaknesses in the working of the ever-more complex machinery by which industry is regulated, and provide a measure of the distrust felt by rank-and-file workers of the system of regulation as a whole. In a society which is democratic in aim this would be enough to justify, in principle, their being permitted to occur, and also to act as a spur to the elimination of their causes by every possible means'. I would add that until we know what causes the strike and what efficient treatment can be given, there is often—not always—real justification for a strike, and that justification is its goodness.—*Third Programme*

Art

The Sculptures of Matisse

By DAVID SYLVESTER

THE main feature of the Matisse exhibition at the Tate is a set of nearly fifty bronzes representing virtually all his activity as a sculptor. Sad to say, the omissions happen to include four of his most important works—the three versions of the life-size relief, 'The Back', and the fifth and final state of the 'Head of Jeanette', which is not only the best of the five versions but probably the finest of all the artist's heads in bronze. The rest of the exhibition comprises three paintings of around 1940, photographs showing successive stages in their execution, some eighty drawings connected with them, and another thirty-odd drawings likewise dating from recent years. Also included, *hors catalogue*, are an early painting and some decorative panels. A curious hotch-potch, certainly, but also, thanks to the consistent distinction of the exhibits (except for No. 53) and to the imagination and taste with which they are displayed, the most exciting and satisfying one-man show of a twentieth-century artist we have seen in London for seven years or more.

Like all great stylists, Matisse has a genius for seeming to be more of a light-weight than he is. He first enchants us when, having just realised that every picture need not tell a story, we have reached the stage at which colour and line are all. Later, when we have taken to Picasso, we come to look on Matisse as one of our youthful pleasures—like wanting to be psychoanalysed—which we indulge in nowadays only in our less responsible moments. The drawings at the Tate, with their deliciously fluid calligraphy and exquisite *mise-en-page*, suavely confront us as tempters, ready to lull us into believing that drawing need be, should be, no more than a decorative configuration which charms the eye. But, if we look more closely, we shall see that it was just in suspecting we were about to be taken in that we were taken in. These drawings are precisely and penetratingly realistic. They are acutely sensitive to the subject's mood, their grasp of gesture and posture is unerring. Each of them vibrates with the impact of a particular experience. Never do they lapse into generalisations and arty idealisations such as find their way into Picasso's drawings. (It is this feeling for the particular that allows Matisse to use the language of caricature at times without—unlike Picasso—becoming a caricaturist.)

Matisse's supreme contribution, indeed, has been the creation of a style of painting and drawing which, simple to the point of puerility, gay and charming to the point of frivolity, has yet succeeded (where it could so easily have been an extension of *art nouveau*) in being the vehicle of profound emotions and the sharpest sensations. It is the resilience and the discipline acquired in resolving this paradox that have given this style its immense and unassuming authority.

The sculptures, however, do not, for the most part, possess this authority. They have vigour, imagination, and taste; passages of great beauty and insight can be found among them, like the heads in 'Two Negresses'. But there is an air of tentative improvisation about them, and their formative influences are insufficiently digested. Again, the

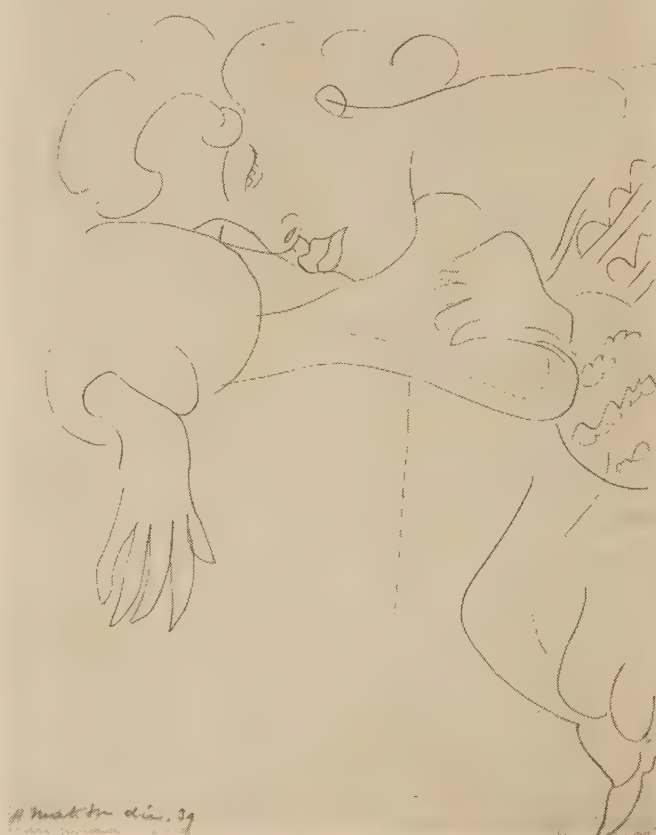
conflicting aspects of Matisse's artistic personality are not harmonised in them as they are in the paintings, which is why the sculptures are more palpably expressionistic.

If the sculptures lack authority of style, it is, I think, because they are typical specimens of what sculptors superciliously call 'painters' sculpture'. Loth though one may be to concede a point to this kind of snobbism, with its implication that form is a question of Good Form, it must be admitted that 'painters' sculpture' is a valid category, identifiable, I would say, by two characteristics. The first is an absence of that architectural coherence and tension and stability of 'sculptors' sculpture' which makes even Giacometti's standing figures, for all their tenuousness and attenuation, seem prepared for service as caryatids. The second is that 'painters' sculpture' presents the spectator with a series of aspects each sufficient unto itself, whereas 'sculptors' sculpture' is conceived as a continuous progression around the figure: here the form does not explain itself when seen from any one viewpoint; it will be explained only when we have walked round the sculpture, because the shapes are meant to be understood in relation to what is happening round the corner and on the far side. 'Painters' sculpture' does not exploit and explore the third dimension in this way. The painter's habit of immediately translating his perceptions into two dimensions sticks, and he presents a succession of what are virtually pictorial effects—views which are self-explanatory, self-contained.

To see what I mean, take the foreshortened view, from behind the head, of the Matisse 'Reclining Nude' of 1907 (No. 13). If you were to copy the silhouette you see, you would have a perfectly designed picture in which the perspective was implied by the shapes on the picture-plane. Then compare the corresponding aspect of the 'Reclining Nude' of around 1930 (No. 14).

This view does not work pictorially: for one thing, the glimpse you catch of the foreshortened thigh throws everything out of focus, so that you are impelled to walk round the figure to find out how it works. The same sort of thing will happen from whatever point you look at this statuette: the form will take you along with it. This, in fact, is no longer 'painters' sculpture', and the same can be said of three or four other works of the same period (notably the final version of 'The Back'), since which time Matisse has made no more sculptures.

It will be observed that where, in No. 14, Matisse comes to treat form in a truly three-dimensional way, he also achieves a sculptural architecture as compelling as the pictorial architecture of his paintings. The component forms of this bronze are tautly and beautifully shaped; their disposition has an air of complete inevitability. But without statuesqueness, without ceremony. Matisse has here attained that most elusive and rewarding of artistic goals so often attained in his paintings—to render permanent, in a carefully organised and highly artificial composition of forms, the actuality of something seen.



Study for 'The Dream', by Henri Matisse, from the Arts Council's Exhibition at the Tate Gallery

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Alien Vision of Victorian Poetry: Sources of the Poetic Imagination in Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold.

By E. D. H. Johnson. Oxford. 25s.

THE GREAT VICTORIANS were the last indisputably major poets, and the last, according to Professor Johnson, who made a serious attempt to speak poetically to the whole educated class of their nation. To quote the worst sentence in an otherwise well written study, 'The Victorian writer, of course, had to acclimatise himself to a reading public vastly bigger in size and more diverse and unpredictable in its literary requirements than any that had existed hitherto'. Whether we regard their attempt as success or failure, it created in the work of these poets a certain tension or conflict which the Professor sees as a 'double awareness'. Beneath the surface of what each poet thought himself obliged to write in response to the needs or the demands of his age is discernible, sometimes openly and sometimes obscurely, the poets' submerged self. There is, for instance, the morbid, occasionally hysterical, note to be heard in Tennyson's 'Maud' and the 'Idylls'; the note of self-mistrusting pathos, the cry of the 'foiled circuitous wanderer' in the elegies of Arnold. All three poets were sensitive to criticism of their early work as out of touch with their age and unhealthily introspective; as a result, Tennyson and Browning constantly strove to externalise their inner vision in a form deliberately popular in its appeal; Arnold alone avoided vulgarity by exchanging his birthright as poet for the Oxford professorship and the High Priesthood of criticism.

Because of the thoroughness and cogency with which this theme is elaborated, the book must be regarded as an important contribution to the revaluation of Victorian literature at present under way. It may take a distinguished place beside Mr. Edmund Wilson's study of Dickens in *The Wound and the Bow* and Mr. Lionel Trilling's masterly account of Arnold. It is more discursive and critical than the latter, and less sensational than the former. The reader in search of something nasty in the woodshed will be disappointed, for Professor Johnson keeps rigorously to the published texts of the poems and avoids murky revelations. The value of such a study as his lies not so much in the truth or originality of its conclusions as in the keenness of its insight and the relevance of its quotations. In short, Professor Johnson makes better sense of more poems than has appeared in any book of similar scope recently published.

To the present generation, whose poetic taste has rediscovered the complex and compact modes of the seventeenth century and the French symbolists, these Victorian poets must still appear verbose, moralistic, out of tune with the times; and the most doubtful part of the Professor's thesis is his claim that the Victorian poet's dilemma is relevant to the contemporary situation. This may be truer of the United States than of Britain. Here, apart from the abortive attempt at a popular front in the 'thirties, significant poets since the Georgians have all based their work on the absolute necessity of maintaining individual integrity and sensibility in an age of commercialism, propaganda, and mass entertainment undreamed of in Victorian days. They are content to be minor poets in a world where the major names are those of Woolworth and Ford. Within this world Mr. Cummings alone seems able to exist without compromise. The author

of 'How They Brought the Good News' would have done all right in Hollywood; but how Arnold, distressed by the spread of railways and Nonconformist thought, would have reacted to Walt Disney, *The Eagle*, and self-service with music cannot even be imagined. The modern poets' situation must seem infinitely more difficult than the Victorians'; but in some ways his choice is easier. Not the least valuable part of the present study is its sympathetic treatment of the Victorians' noble, but doomed, effort to win over the Philistines to poetry—an effort which a hundred years ago need not, after all, have seemed as vain as it seems today.

Harold Laski (1893-1950). A Biographical Memoir. By Kingsley Martin. Gollancz. 21s.

Harold Laski was a figure who in his lifetime excited such extremes of affection and dislike and who shone, or sought to shine, in such varied fields of endeavour that the writing of his biography is bound to tax the judgment and the range of anyone who undertakes it. In being the first to rush in Mr. Kingsley Martin displays his accustomed bravado and bravura. He does not pretend to have written *the* Life; it is 'a biographical memoir', written in highly personal terms, that his fluent but occasionally slapdash, pen has executed. It finds its chief justification in the close sympathy and warm affection that its author obviously feels for his subject. It is as balanced and as definitive as a *New Statesman* leader, and as readable and titillating as 'Critic'. It skims a lot of cream off a good many milk-jugs (the famous Frankfurter correspondence in particular) and it spices reminiscence liberally with indiscretion. It is at its best when it is least first-hand. Mr. Martin on Laski's adolescence is far more revealing than the editor of the *New Statesman* on Laski's prime.

If an age is to be judged by what it does to its geniuses, the mid-twentieth century deserves a lot of blame for its effect on Harold Laski. Here was a scholar of wide range, great learning, quick but deep sympathies and extraordinary (indeed, as it turned out, all too fatal) fluency, who might have left an abiding mark on more than one branch of learning. In the nineteenth century he might have been a Mill, in the eighteenth an Encyclopaedist. In the twentieth he became a frustrated and embarrassing politician, whose devotion to his party emerged in no constructive achievement and evoked no appreciation commensurate with his intellectual abilities and ardent ambitions. Instead of becoming a great historian of ideas he became a kind of coat-tail rider of history, whose unflagging *a priori* remained undismayed no matter how often Clio took the wrong turning. As a professor of political theory he stimulated and intoxicated students from every quarter of the globe, but left it to a cross-examining counsel in a libel trial to resolve the ambiguities and contradictions that lie at the heart of his philosophy. To the United States, the country that he loved next to his own, he erected a monument of profound misunderstanding in what was to have been the literary *chef d'œuvre* of his prime.

Perhaps indeed it was only in the lecture rooms of the London School of Economics that Harold Laski fully realised himself. There he kindled a warmth and inspired a devotion greater perhaps than any other teacher of his time. It is no fault of Mr. Martin's that this part of Laski's life fills a relatively small place in his memoir. Nevertheless posterity will not know Harold

Laski as he was until someone can write of him with as much sympathy for his academic forte as Mr. Martin expends on his political failures.

Alexander and John Robert Cozens

By A. P. Oppé. Black. 30s.

Alexander Cozens was an 'Originalgenie'. His son and pupil John Robert by adding colour and topographical interest to what his father taught him gained on the roundabout of reality what he lost on the swings of original creation. Both father and son were connected with Beckford, that most fantastic and inhuman patron of all time. Rarely have two artists, father and son, been so 'complementary' to each other: the older man blasted the path back to Claude and forward to topographical and to self-expressive water-colour landscape; Baudelaire's 'exasperated colourists of the North', Constable and Turner, owe much to the son. John Robert became insane; not for nothing had his father attempted to conjure up the forces of the subconscious.

Paul Oppé weighs and scrutinises the scanty biographical facts and the two *opera* with admirable scholarship, and without ever parading his erudition and sensibility. He resists great temptations. Just because of these rare qualities he does perhaps less than justice to Alexander Cozens' treatise, *A New Method of Assisting the Invention in Drawing Original Compositions of Landscape*, an illustrated reprint of which is appended. Cozens discovered his 'blotting' method accidentally: 'Reflecting one day in company with a pupil . . . on original composition in landscape, in contradistinction to copying, I lamented the want of a mechanical method . . . to draw forth the ideas of an ingenious mind disposed to the art of designing. At this instant happening to have a piece of soiled paper under my hand, and casting my eyes upon it slightly, I sketched something like a landscape on it, with a pencil, in order to catch some hint which might be improved into a rule. *The stains, though extremely faint, appeared upon revival to have influenced me, insensibly, in expressing the general appearance of a landscape*' [reviewer's italics].

Cozens then quotes Leonardo's 'If you look upon an old wall covered with dirt . . . you may discover several things like landscapes, battles . . . Out of this confused mass of objects, the mind will be furnished with abundance of designs and subjects perfectly new'. Cozens 'thinks that his method is an improvement upon the above hint of Leonardo da Vinci as the rude forms offered by this scheme are made at will' whereas Leonardo's old walls 'seldom occur', and he thus defines his 'blot': 'An artificial blot is a production of chance, with a small degree of design; for in making it, the attention of the performer must be employed on the whole, on the general form of the composition, and upon this only; whilst the subordinate parts are left to the casual motion of the hand and the brush'. And: 'A true blot is an assemblage of dark shapes or masses made with ink upon a piece of paper, and likewise of light ones produced by the paper left blank. All the shapes are rude and unmeaning, as they are formed with the swiftest hand. But at the same time there is a general disposition of these masses, producing one comprehensive form which may be conceived and purposely intended before the blot is begun. This general form will exhibit some kind of subject, and this is all that should be done designedly'.

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from the depth of his and his pupils' subconscious; to quote Mr. Oppé: 'To them, as to the great part of the British public to this day, a painting whether representational or "abstract", is merely an accumulation of details whose satisfactory likeness to, or obscure suggestion of, natural objects is their sole criterion. Cozens' paradox lay in his daring to lay down that these details are of but secondary importance and should be so subordinate to the general idea that they can be first left to the accidental workings of the hand'. Mr. Oppé here and elsewhere tries to prove that what Cozens really meant was a very free sketch. A reference to the technique of Claude might have supported this contention: the way Claude applies a blot of wash which he then makes into an object; how in some of Claude's 'nature studies' the background is drawn first, while the foreground trees are superimposed; and above all how Claude made use of the accidents of the wash in exactly the way Cozens recommends. Cozens, to quote Oppé, 'contrasts blotting with sketching which is normally done in outlines and therefore, he says, blots are nearer to nature because forms in nature are not distinguished by lines but by shade and colour'.

Nevertheless Cozens' teaching stresses the possibility, to put it no higher, of eliciting composition from a subconscious so disposed in a way reminiscent of techniques used by Max Ernst, Klee, Henry Moore, and others. He explored 'tracés régulatoires' of the subconscious.

In the Nazi Era. By Sir Lewis Namier. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

The kernel of Sir Lewis Namier's *Europe in Decay* was provided by the French 'Memoirs Born of Defeat'. The kernel of this companion volume of reprinted articles is provided by the corresponding memoirs born of the German defeat, especially Dirksen, Weizsäcker, Kordt, and Schmidt, together with essays on the German Army and Hitler and on Halder's pamphlet about Hitler. The collective mental isolation of German political writers, their egotism, their subjectivity in thought, wilfulness in morals and incapacity for self-condemnation, has never been more scathingly exhibited than here. 'Mussolini once said about the Germans that they are dangerous because they dream collectively. More than that: they remember collectively; they invent collectively; they are unsurpassed in mental gregariousness'. These writers, building a new legend upon long-discredited but unrepudiated German falsehoods about the treatment of Germany in 1919 and the policy of the *entente* before 1914, are concerned to make out that while they served Hitler they opposed him in their hearts, and that the democracies are more to blame than the German people for Hitler's coming to power and remaining there. Sir Lewis analyses their inconsistencies and dishonesties with relentless severity and a rabbinical minuteness, and he shows how neither the civilians nor the army disagreed with the ultimate aims of Hitler's foreign policy. The second part of the book contains essays on the German and British documents for 1937-8, with a review of Coulondre, one of the few actors in the drama of the Nazi Era who earns respect, and a final annihilating attack on Bonnet 'as statesman and historian'. In *Europe in Decay*, Sir Lewis riddled Bonnet with gunfire; here he should have sunk him for good.

Sir Lewis' punitory erudition in this field is valuable and disinfected, yet it leaves an unpleasant taste. If one feels disinclined to judge it on its technical merits alone, it is not for the reason which Professor Butterfield has made fashionable. The doctrine that the historian has no concern with moral judgments, and ought not to feel as intensely as Sir Lewis feels against

the Germans and their appeasers, is something of an intellectual counterpart to the abdication of political responsibility which was the democracies' guilt for the war. The greatest historical writing has often been inspired by anger and disgust, but only when these have been controlled and refined. It is perhaps significant that among Sir Lewis' glittering intellectual and literary equipment the weapon of irony does not appear. In the present book, he sometimes seems fitted with the qualities of the men he prosecutes; the writing is sometimes strident, the conclusions to the essays (as to those on the German army, Halder, Schmidt, Coulondre) sometimes lack the accustomed pungency and are trite or heavy; the judicial verges on the vindictive. A failing in temper produces a deficiency in art. The book does not escape the danger, run by all collections of reprinted articles, of being scrappy and repetitive (the second time we are told how Weizsäcker records satisfaction that Lord Cecil was irked by the German-Russian *rapprochement* at Rapallo, our interest in the cross-examination flags rather than rises). It does not claim to be more than a critical analysis of some new publications, but it causes an admissible regret that we have not been given a considered and tranquil judgment; which now, with Sir Lewis Namier's return to the field of British parliamentary history, may be, alas, among those of his unwritten works that Mr. Taylor has called the lost masterpieces of the twentieth century.

Chaucer. By Raymond Preston. Sheed and Ward. 25s.

What makes this book rewarding is Mr. Preston's exceptional feeling for Chaucer's poetry. He is very directly in contact with it and can convey to us the vividness of this experience. He does not allow pedantry to get between him and his poet, but he is sensitive enough to doubt the use of attempts, however well-meaning, to 'translate' Chaucer into modern language. As a way of opening up this part of the English birthright to the general reader, there is much more to be said for Mr. Preston's method of seeking to heighten our sense of the beauty and irony of the language to a point where we become willing to make the small effort needed to overcome its archaism.

It should be made clear that Mr. Preston, though he will make his readers more perceptive of Chaucer's quality, does not set out to give them facts about the poet's life and times. For this they will turn to the numerous works of scholarship to which, in passing, he refers: but above all they will turn to the works themselves. Mr. Preston is skilful in quotation and the passages that he weaves into his sensible and imaginative commentary will almost certainly have the effect of sending the reader back to Chaucer for more.

Chaucer is, like Shakespeare, an inexhaustible subject and he can be interpreted from many points of view. Mr. Preston writes as a Catholic and, like G. K. Chesterton, prizes those Catholic values that England is supposed to have lost at the time of the reformation. His is, in fact, a decided, even dogmatic point of view; and one is inclined to think it a source of critical strength even if it is also inevitably a limitation. A communist also might write a good book about Chaucer; or a nationalist; or a sociologist; or an uncompromising aesthete. Chaucer's ambivalences, to which Mr. Preston discerningly draws attention, make it possible to read him either as a great forerunner or as the embodiment of the middle ages *par excellence*. Did he, for example, after Dante and following St. Augustine, outstandingly delineate the meaning of sin? Or did he by his humanity transcend the rigidity of the religious concept? Chaucer's Catholicism is, in his poetry, a beautiful and

moving faith: but for non-Catholics his glory may be not that he was a Catholic but that he was so much more. We may well however need a Catholic critic to point out the spiritual paradoxes and moralities that Chaucer can convey by his apposition of bawdy anecdote and sermon, of court romance and popular humour.

Mr. Preston is, one must add, a far cry from G. K. Chesterton: for Mr. Eliot and Dr. Leavis have intervened to give a harder critical edge, and he adds a personal style of his own, admirable in its freshness and witty seriousness. And how much more pleasant to be proselytised in the robust language of Chaucer than at a despondent 'Cocktail Party'!

Corydon. By André Gide.

Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.

This work which Gide undertook in his middle years and which preoccupied him intermittently and painfully for the rest of his life, was considered by him even in his last days to be the most important of his books. The most important, not the best. One can limit the definition still further. It was for *him* the most important. It is not likely to be so for many other readers. The chief significance of *Corydon* is that it is so complete a failure. It is not only an artistic failure—and the term must be used, since art of a kind is employed in its construction; it fails in its dialectic aims.

Corydon is a defence of homosexuality written in the form of four 'Socratic' dialogues—and never were inverted commas more necessary. As a defence it is marred by continual confusion of purpose. Gide could never rid himself altogether of his proselytising zeal, and when this is mixed with defensive casuistry, the result is a very odd mixture indeed. Then he nowhere acknowledges the fact that the current, conventional attitude to his theme is a Hebraic legacy, the most tenacious of them all because the least examined. His failure to discern this (which was due perhaps to his own intensely protestant streak) deprives his defence of any continuous direction. It is useless, for example, when the question of tradition arises, to adduce Hellas alone. The western moral heritage and conventions are made up of Hebraic more than of Greek traditions, and if any illumination is to be arrived at, they must both be equally illustrated and opposed.

The main argument can best be indicated in Gide's own terms: 'By the words "sexual instinct" one imagines a sheaf of automatisms, or at least of tendencies, which in the lower species are fairly securely knit together, but which, as one ascends the animal scale, are more and more easily and more and more frequently separated. To hold this sheaf of tendencies together, it is often necessary to have a number of concomitants, collusions and complicities . . . without whose co-operation the sheaf falls apart and the tendencies are allowed to disperse'. The trouble is that this argument is not so much developed as cut in pieces and tortured into the form of a dialogue between Corydon (Gide) and an imaginary friend who is merely the lowest common factor of the kind of attitude which Gide wishes to change. This unfortunate choice of opponent reduces the work at times to depths of drab vulgarity almost incredible in such a writer. The disputants are continually brandishing texts from Plutarch ('He fetched a vast tome as big as a trouser-press'), from Fabre, Darwin, de Gourmont and a miscellaneous host of sociological and scientific studies.

In this dreary jungle one rarely discovers any ray of unprejudiced discernment: 'Every intermediate stage exists between exclusive homosexuality and exclusive heterosexuality'; more rarely still any trace of the true Gide: 'I shall allow only one thing in the world to be

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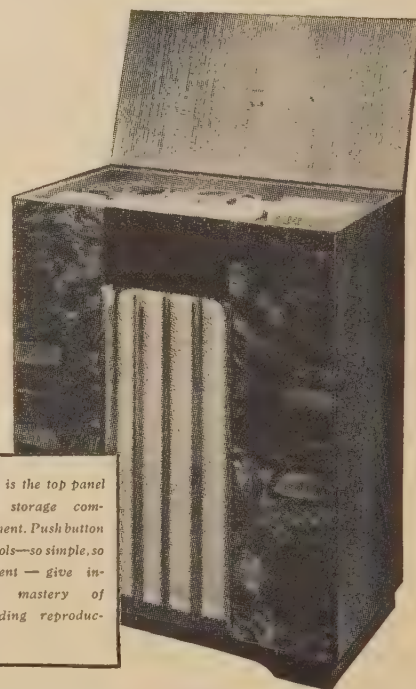
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unnatural, and that is a work of art'. In despair of finding any other rays of light, one can only confine oneself to the comedy of some of the biological illustration, for example, that of the lonely *doris*, or sea slug, which lays about 600,000 eggs, 'or so Darwin calculates, while adding that he believes this to be far below the true figure. *Yet this doris was not very common,*

he says, *although I was often searching under the stones, I saw only seven individuals*'. The italics are not the reviewer's.

It is curious that the book should contribute so little in the way of enlightenment either as to writer or theme. Gide, the enemy of dullness, is here at his dullest. In this respect his imaginative identification with his narrator has proved

too much of a success. It remains to remark that the notes are crowded together at the end of the book. Where they are of any importance they are almost integral to the text and might well have been kept in touch with it. As *Corydon* is a work of little art, if rather more learning, it should belong to the latter category and be given footnotes accordingly.

New Novels

The Mountains Remain. By Hanana Tasaki. Gollancz. 13s. 6d.

Drum Singers. By Lau Shaw. Gollancz. 12s. 6d.

Blanket Boy's Moon. By Peter Lanham and A. S. Mopeli-Paulus. Collins. 12s. 6d.

The Blue Hussar. By Roger Nimier. Macgibbon and Kee. 12s. 6d.

TWO of these novels, by Asiatics, and one partly written by an African, are of the highest interest as information. The fourth, Roger Nimier's *The Blue Hussar*, is a competent stale mixture of tough characterisation and tough language, put into the comparatively recent bottle of the last days of war and the first days of occupation of Germany. The sense of ideological confusion among the French forces is well conveyed, and the over-simplification of the characters is concealed under a technique which is a mixture of Movietone News (the mike handed from one character to another) and the interior conversations of Virginia Woolf's *The Waves*. *The Waves*, that is to say, tremendously hotly up, peppered, salted, spiced, and with slices of f—bacon put in: the whole rendered with minute scrupulousness by John Russell and Anthony Rhodes. In their translation the scabrosities and obscenities give off a faintly stilted odour, as though—from one point of view—this volume might be a Publishers' Association book of etiquette illustrating examples of what has to be printed f— or b— or even just —, and the far worse things which can be set up without traversing some mysterious boundary of propriety. Reference to the French edition would show what has to be omitted altogether.

This reviewer, after three months hacking away at fiction for *THE LISTENER*, feels like an exhausted brothel-keeper. Nearly every novel he has read or looked through hides between its covers one or more beds where the characters behave in a more or less illicit and most self-explanatory manner. So it is a relief really to get away from M. Nimier's B— Hussar and all his other characters, witty, Falstaffian, 'soldiers the same all the world over' as they are, and to enter the morally bracing climate of any continent that is not Europe or North America.

The Mountains Remain—which is about Japan since the war—is the most three-dimensional, well-constructed, and seriously interesting of these novels. I am inclined to think that it is a very good book indeed. Takeo, the soldier here, returns from the front to visit his sister Ko-ume, a Geisha. Ko-ume is in love with a beautiful young man of good family, Minoru, who has a sister called Michiyo, with whom Takeo falls in love and whom he subsequently marries. The social conflicts—set on a kind of artificial gold standard by the American Occupation—which prevents Minoru, the son of a count, from marrying the Geisha, whilst Takeo, going on to the land, is able to marry Minoru's sister, are profoundly interesting. American power, Communism, and Christianity all enter into this story, which remains human, touching and convincing. Without comparing him with Tolstoy, one can

say that the novelist, Tasaki, has a grasp of the simple muscular outlines where character can be discerned moving under behaviour and of the utter innocence and at the same time the guilt of life, which reminds one at moments of Tolstoy. Perhaps his picture of Takeo's life on the land, and the power of the soil to give new purpose to the life of the old aristocratic Count who is father of Minoru and Michiyo (while at the same time it can teach the Communist Kazuo an affection which makes him renounce Communism) owes something more directly to Tolstoy. To say this is to suggest that Tasaki is a most intelligent and conscious craftsman, who brings the contemporary Japanese scene into the forefront of novels in the English language. There are lyrical passages here of memorable beauty, such as the account of Minoru's trip with Ko-ume at the moment when they both think they will marry, and Ko-ume's quietly determined suicide at the end.

Drum Singers is really a kind of *Good Companions* transferred to the scene of the Chinese war against the Japanese. It is an account of the determination of a strolling troupe to carry on with their art in spite of everything. It has pathos and dignity, especially in the portrait of Fang Pao Ching, the drum player—an isolated artist, misunderstood by his wife, involved in quarrels between his own and another refugee family which make up the troupe, and half in love with his adopted daughter, Lotus Charm. One can read this book with the same kind of delight for its truth and imagination as one regards, say, a post-war Italian movie.

Of all these books the one that I found the most completely absorbing—though it is not as good a novel as *The Mountains Remain*—was *Blanket Boy's Moon*. Every page of it is about a life which is entirely new to me, and I cannot really judge whether this fictitious transcription of the life-story of Monare, Blanket Boy from Basutoland, does not make too many concessions in manner and style to a western public, while retaining its superficial appearance of being 'original native work'. There is something about it which reminds me of those African ivory or ebony masks you can buy at Air Line terminals on the Dark Continent. All the same it is a compelling story, told with deceptive simplicity, in an episodic manner, but gathering in weight and force as it proceeds. The Blanket Boy, Monare, from Basutoland, goes to Johannesburg where he is dealt with by (and learns to deal with) white men; he returns to his native village, where he is forced to participate in the ritual murder of his best friend; he becomes a fugitive from both blacks and whites and succumbs to drink, drugs, and sexual vice; he redeems himself, and then he is finally overtaken by justice. The crudities of this narrative are

redeemed partly by the fact that for a primitive like Monare, caught between conflicting colours, superstitions, and prejudices, crudity is the reality of his existence, and partly by the fact that the whole story is put into the mouth of a tribal story-teller: hence the reader makes allowances for a moral sense which is as black and white as is the racial conflict in which poor Monare is involved. Monare is both a weak and a strong character, capable of sinking very low but also capable of rising again. He is involved in complexities, but he has no complexes, so he goes through every situation like a cloth into liquids, sometimes emerging dyed, sometimes dirty, and sometimes being washed clean again. One has pity and affection for Monare, but the strength of the book really lies in the account of the native African, white European, Christian, and Mohammedan forces which at different times engulf him. To read this book is to take both a geographical journey into the vividly evoked 'clustered mountains' of Monare's native village, into the great sordid African towns, and into religions which are full of rhetoric, soul, and a curious piety.

Also recommended to those who think of fiction as gilt on the gingerbread of contemporary history is *The Time of the Assassins*, by Godfrey Blunden (Cape, 15s.). It is about those dreadful months in recent history when some Ukrainians, with their land occupied by the Nazi army, made the catastrophic mistake of regarding the Germans as liberators. They discovered their error only to be punished for it by the returning Russians. Godfrey Blunden does manage to dramatise some of the complications of this horrible sixteen months. But his material finally defeats him, and his characters are submerged under its weight. The reader may well feel that all this information would have been more valuable if written simply as reportage. *Buttege Oscure*, edited by Marguerite Castani in Rome, and published here by Hamish Hamilton (at half a guinea), is perhaps the most interesting magazine of European literature being published today. It is in Italian, English, and French. The present number contains remarkable poems by René Char, and an American poet, Burns Singer, whose very striking work is new to me. The stories in the English language—my excuse for mentioning it here—are of the curiously wayward kind which bright American boys on 'Fullbrights' and whatnot, seem to leave scattered on the floors of European hotel rooms, under their tousled beds. They may have genius, they may not. Usually the names have faded and the authors departed to another address before one has time to make up one's mind.

STEPHEN SPENDER

[This is the last of Mr. Stephen Spender's articles. On February 19 Mr. John Lehmann takes over.]

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Hansel and the Wide Boys

TO REVERT ONCE AGAIN to the gruesome topic of television opera for which I have possibly a morbid addiction: what made them, do you think, choose Hansel? The critic of a favourite Sunday newspaper says that even those who like opera (as who should say 'Even the mentally defective . . .') consider the work a bore. Not I, for one. I think it has enchanting passages and I would rather hear Humperdinck than Henry Hall any day of the year. But was this the right day of the year? We are in the post-Christmas trough, aching to be done with Dames, Good Fairies, Peter, Wendy, yes and Grimms' two hungry tots. But there is a far more weighty reason against choosing 'Hansel' for television: the weight of the music itself, which is quasi-

turning a blind eye is just what one cannot ever do. If the thing is set before you to be seen, see it you must.

I suppose television opera, like any opera, is crazily expensive and that a way of doing it a little more cheaply is to have deliberately cardboard 'unreal' scenery. At some stage in the preparations, on the drawing-board perhaps, these designs may have looked promising. Promise was in that case a liar. In the event they looked shoddy. As for the art-student-like sketches, with weirdly drawn elbows and thumbs which were displayed to us during the overture—well, I will kindly refrain . . . as Mr. Robey used to say. Nevertheless, if this was a step back from the 'Faust', it was most enjoyable, musically considered, and a contribution to the fortnight which I would not have missed.

Let us look at some less qualified successes. There was 'Curtain Down', an adaptation, and a singularly successful one, of a Chekhov peep behind the scenes, absurd, touching, excellently realised in this version by Nigel Kneale and production by Tony Richardson. There was 'The commonplace Heart', a serious play of human relationships, age, love, and youth's (morally necessary) selfishness by Storm Jameson which refused in the culinary slang to 'jell' but had, like many a kitchen failure, some excellent ingredients. And, contrasting greatly to their advantage with the German children of the opera, there were some entertaining young people in a Children's Television play about the Prodigal Son, by Jonquil Antony, well produced by Joy Harington. Thus the famous parable and the world of Mrs. Dale were brought close together, a popularisation to which no one need take objection, I think. There were a few of those visual clichés which annoy the crabbed and elderly: for instance, the convention whereby a goblet relent-



'The Prodigal Son' in Children's Television: Reginald Tate as Barnabas, Robert Rietty as Abner, and Ray Jackson (kneeling) as Simeon

lessly overfilled is supposed to symbolise an orgy. But beheld newly by the eye of childhood even this would no doubt be rated 'smashing'. In whatever form, I am all in favour of children knowing the parables. It will make it so hard for us journalists to string our clichés together if the younger generation has no faint notion what wheat, tares, or bushels are.

The most popular piece of the week must surely have been 'Whistling in the Dark'. No lover of gangster tales myself, I found this, after a certain hesitancy at the start, an excellent piece, with genuine suspense and comedy which was well on the side of irony and not facetious. The idea of a writer of crime stories forced to use his talent to aid genuine criminals who lack inventive power is not, of course, a new one. But, well used, it will serve again and again. I cannot think how the accents might have sounded to American ears, but they did plausibly enough over here, perhaps because our Wide Boys have learnt to speak very much this kind of lingo themselves (another case of 'Nation shall speak peace unto nation').

'The Gay Lord Quex', no stranger, came as a disappointment. Pinero, master craftsman, used to write with a model stage before him and to plot, with cardboard figures, the exact position of all his characters at any one time. It was just the feeling that we never quite knew where anyone was which spoiled Royston Morley's production, even of the nearly fool-proof scene in the Duchess of Strood's bedroom—where did the doors lead to? who was behind them? even the question, what happens now?—none was clearly enough in mind. Movement is useful but much of the cutting here seemed fairly meaningless and the eavesdropping in the scene on the terrace was muffled badly. As far as the acting went the cast, good on paper, seemed uncertain whether



'The Gay Lord Quex', with Henry Oscar as Sir Chichester Frayne, André Morell as the Marquess of Quex, and Joyce Heron as Sophie Fullgarney

Wagnerian in places, making even in a big theatre an absurdly inappropriate effect: for instance, the laments of the mother, like a squalling Valkyrie's. The lightest Yes or No is often fortified with a whole arsenal of allusions; and it is the least easy sort of opera to act, close up and intimately, with your every breath spied on.

I must instantly say that Gertrude Holt and Marion Studholme were an enchanting pair of 'children' but that they looked exactly what they were: young, slim, and pretty professional singers (not, I stress, *prima donnas* toggled up in kiddiclothes). Yet who for one second could have taken Miss Holt for a boy? We were just too near not to keep noticing that she wasn't a boy. Tell me the eye of faith must be used in opera; why yes, and the ear too, perchance. But in television



Scene from 'Hansel and Gretel' on January 15, with Gertrude Holt as Hansel and Marion Studholme as Gretel

it was not all a little 'funny-because-period'; fatal ambivalence. True, we do not ourselves live in a world where 'O sir, you are a gentleman' can mean much; nor where a milord can say to a manicurist 'Pon my soul, I humbly beg your pardon' and carry a gasp of surprise into stalls and gallery. But the play is much richer than the modest little performances of André Morell and Joyce Heron generally suggested.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

BROADCAST DRAMA

Prince Charming

THE TROUBLE WITH a play on the Monmouth rebellion—among the lost causes of history that could never have been won—is that all is inevitable from the start. We know that the young Duke, back in triumph from the north, must one day be a beaten rebel from the west, grovelling before his uncle James. Our first concern with 'King Monmouth' (Home) was to know how Elizabeth Jenkins had interpreted the fellow. Would he come through freshly, or would he and the others spend the night in making what Mr. 'Ladbroke Brown' has called 'remarks highly characteristic of themselves'? The answer was that Monmouth remained a conventional romantic failure; a Prince Charming—as they named him—for whom there could be no happy-ever-after, and who was given to such pale statements as 'O, what a rash fool I've been!' Peter Coke spoke for him with brave grace; but I felt that the dramatist's heart was elsewhere.

No doubt King Charles the Second is bound to govern any play in which he appears, whether he be regarded as an amorist of the tushing 'Oddsfish!' drama; as J. B. Fagan's sardonic philanderer; or, Shavianly, as the mellow craftsman of debate. Miss Jenkins sees him as King Charming: royal, kindly, and wise, a man not a wax effigy. Baliol Holloway, in a performance matched perfectly to the character—his voice fitted into every tuck and fold—will be an abiding memory of the play. There are others: Norman Claridge's James the Second, though the author has not wasted any subtlety on the part; and Dennis Arundell's silken-insidious Shaftesbury. Wilfrid Grantham, who produced, arranged nicely for the tolling of the bells for Charles the Second to merge into the pealing of the Taunton bells as 'King Monmouth' began that ignominious rising in the west. A useful chronicle, then; but I wish Monmouth had not addressed King Charles as 'Dad'. Accurate, maybe, but trying.

Prince Charming, in his own person, arrived in 'The Little Gold Shoe' (Home), which is Francis Dillon's idea of the Cinderella legend, and free therefore from the irruptions of Baron Stoneybroke, and from Ugly-Sister cartooning. Cinderella—hardly a surprise for us—was Marjorie Westbury, which meant that she was never arch and that she could sing. I am ready to believe in future that these events in 'a rich and beautiful land far over the mountains' form the true received text of 'Cinderella': this, too, although a dozen current pantomimes may defy us.

'The Great Gatsby' is not our view of a Prince Charming. Donald McWhinnie, in an astute adaptation from Scott Fitzgerald (Third), carries us from the moment Nick sees Gatsby under 'the silver pepper of the stars', to the last, thin, red circle in the water. This ruthless comment on the world and his mistress in the American Jazz Age—a period when, according to Mr. Coward, Mayfair was spinning in a vortex—takes its time to strike home on the air. When it does it is adder-fanged, but we have to wait unduly long. William Sylvester's Gatsby had the manner, though the voice that stays (first

among several) is the croak of Anthony Jacobs as that macabre-sentimental gambler whose cuff-buttons are 'fine specimens of human molars'.

In spite of Rex Rieni's care, his version of Lorna Rea's novel, re-named 'Hear No Evil' (Light), did not altogether come off. Its dialogue was not summoning. A pity, because there is much in the idea of a young woman, long deaf, who recovers her hearing, only to lose it again gladly, ready to shut out a world so unlike the ideal that she has made for herself. I suspected all the while that the tenderness and tact of Rachel Gurney and Grizelda Hervey were doing more for the piece than anything else. Last, 'The Star Show' (Home), a brisk *mélange* in the middle of which we heard Joan Miller telling Bernard Braden that he should smear the sleepy grooms with blood. We have fun now on Saturday nights.

J. C. TREWEN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Hare and Hounds

MANY EARNEST LISTENERS beside myself must from time to time impatiently ask themselves what earthly use there is in listening to talks dealing with scientific and mathematical subjects which are far above their heads. At first all seems to go well. We are encouraged by the speaker's power of lucid exposition: not only do we understand each passing statement but we follow the line of argument and, as we do so, we are aware of a glow of satisfaction due not only to the new and exciting tracts of thought which open before our eyes, but also to our own gratifying quickness in the uptake. Then a hitch occurs. We still grasp the statements as they flit past, but we realise all of a sudden that we have lost touch with the growing structure. We pause, desperately review the last two or three statements in the hope of recapturing the design, fail in the attempt, and run frantically after the speaker, only to find that he has reached a stage which, in default of the missing links, has become entirely meaningless to us. Humbled and exasperated we listen devoutly and once again statements coalesce into understandable fragments. Then come another black-out and another lucid interval, and the most we can hope for now is to accumulate a few fragments of knowledge. The grand design has vanished past recall; our crumbs will never make a loaf, and when the talk is over we find we are incapable of giving even the sketchiest *résumé* of what it was all about.

Things were rather like that for me when I listened to the first of two talks on 'The Philosophy of Atomic Physics' by Professor Leon Rosenfeld. I followed him for considerable stretches, but there came a moment when I lost sight of him, floundered, and it was only by jumping a six-foot crevasse that I caught him up. By that time he was discussing 'uncertainty relations', an expression which, in my bewildered state, took on a sinister meaning. So did the name of the great scientist Niels Bohr when we went on to consider the relation of complementarity to determinism. But I am far from thinking that my ordeal was entirely fruitless, for the truth is that more crumbs stick in the memory than we realise, and these, as we persist in our efforts on future occasions, enable us to grasp a little more than we grasped before.

I had much the same arduous experience when listening to Francis McAleer telling three Irish stories. Not that there was anything Jamesian about these simple tales. Their difficulty for me arose from the fact that Mr. McAleer told them in the language of County Tyrone, a form of English so elusive that, although I caught a phrase here and there, I was left at the end

without the faintest notion of what the stories were about. I could hear, from the narrator's intonations, that he was telling them deliciously, but I can hardly believe that any listener not inured to the tongue of Tyrone was in any better case than I was.

No stresses and strains were imposed on the listener to Claud Mullins' excellent talk 'Sentence on the Guilty'. Having served as a London magistrate from 1931 to 1947 he can speak with authority not only on crime and punishment but on magistrates too. He is, besides, a very persuasive speaker, quiet, leisurely, and admirably lucid, and he presents his subject first and foremost in its human aspect. In this talk he deplored the fact that neither magistrates nor barristers receive any training in the fixing of sentences, nor are they well informed, as they should be, about the various penal institutions or the general principles and use of psychiatry. For these reasons many sentences are passed which, as he said, 'neither protect the community nor help the offender'. That phrase in itself shows Mr. Mullins' humane approach to the punishment of crime.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

How Not to Write Opera

WHEN HINDEMITH'S 'Mathis' was produced last year, one of my colleagues remarked upon the infinite capacity of German audiences for enduring boredom. Of that Teutonic trait Pfitzner's 'Palestrina' must surely afford the supreme example. After two hearings of the opera last week, occupying in all over seven hours, I find it difficult to understand how even the patriotic Münchener could endure it. For there never was an opera in which the dramatic butter is spread so thin. The first act occupies an hour and three-quarters, about as long as the first act of 'Götterdämmerung'. Pfitzner expends twenty-four minutes—a period into which Verdi or Puccini could pack a whole act—upon a scene between Palestrina's pupil, Silla, and his son, Ighino, the relevant part of which would have been covered in a fifth of the time by any competent operatic craftsman. At last, Palestrina arrives with Cardinal Borromeo and there is a tenor-baritone discussion lasting half an hour. The action now begins to get under way as the composer, reproached by his predecessors and inspired by angelic voices, takes up his pen and composes the 'Missa Papae Marcelli'—a feat which he accomplishes in the space of about seven minutes!

The whole of this first act plodded along at an even pace with hardly a note of excitement anywhere until the last twenty minutes. Pfitzner did not even manage to make effective use of the opportunity for a contrast of musical style in the scene where Palestrina's pupil is composing his song, which was neither like the Florentine *nuova musica* it was supposed to imitate nor an example of the kind of modernism Pfitzner disliked. It is one serious fault in the opera that everyone has the same kind of music to sing. Even in the second act, which represents a meeting of the Council of Trent, moments of excitement were rare and the occasional outbursts of dispute quickly settled down again into the general *andante*. Moreover, a great deal of it was irrelevant to the main theme and the final massacre was a quite gratuitous and pointless act of sadism without any effect upon Palestrina's character or actions. Perhaps Pfitzner, who was his own librettist, felt that he must have an act of violence somewhere in his uneventful drama.

The composer presented to us in this extraordinary work is not, falsified history apart, at

all like Palestrina. Perhaps he represents Pfitzner himself. I was reminded of the saintly organist of St. Florian, though he at least did not dehydrate the Wagnerian idiom to the same degree of aridity. And yet, if one isolated a passage in one's mind, how consistently beautiful it always was! The music never fails in sincerity and nobility of purpose, but those qualities are not enough. Only in the brief vision-scene at the end of Act 1 does it really glow with something like passion.

At the other extreme of the operatic scale

Bizet's 'Le Docteur Miracle' was, if not a gem of the first water, a sparkling and pretty piece of paste. The sparkle came mostly from Nadine Renaux's coloratura, which among much that was Italianate had a distinctly French style. Alexander Young sang the tenor part engagingly, Willy Clément brought his stylish sense of comedy to bear on the dupe of the party, and the versatile Miss Westbury completed the quartet which was supported by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Stanford Robinson.

If 'Palestrina' was mostly fairy-tale, the pro-

gramme devoted to William Cornyshe, Master of the Chapel Royal to Henry VIII, was an essay in accurate historical reconstruction. It was a good notion to present the music of Cornyshe, well sung by the Deller Consort and the Schola Polyphonica, in a biographical setting. The narrative helped to get the music into focus and the intervals created between the pieces obviated that sense of monotony which is too often the bane of programmes devoted to archaic music.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Carl Orff: a Portrait

By JOHN S. WEISSMANN

'Carmina Burana' at 8.0 p.m. on Wednesday, February 4 (Home) and at 8.25 p.m. on Thursday, February 5 (Third)

UNTIL fairly recently Carl Orff's music was entirely unknown in this country, though his name was not unfamiliar to some. When 'Carmina Burana', was first performed here in 1951 opinions were sharply divided whether his persistent rhythms were a vitally significant force in recent European music or whether his elementary methods were a sign of poor craftsmanship. He believes, it is said, that the development of western music has reached its fulfilment: the possibilities of traditional forms are exhausted. The musical theatre, or more generally the association of music, words, and gestures is the only valid means of communication to the creative musician of our age, provided he is willing to renounce conventional forms and treatment.

In view of the musical situation at the beginning of our century, Orff's disillusion and rebellion is hardly surprising: dissatisfaction with existing conditions is the privilege of the creative mind; the history of new music boils down to a series of personal attitudes facing the crisis of the *fin de siècle*. What distinguishes Orff among his contemporaries is the fact that in all his ostensible simplicity he was more radical in certain respects than anyone else of his generation: it seems obvious, therefore, that in addition to his reaction to the music of the immediately preceding period which he shared with the rising generation, there must have been other influences at work which determined the formation of his musical personality, and I suggest that the conditions and circumstances of his life had some bearing on it.

Orff was born in Munich on July 10, 1895, and received his musical education at the Akademie der Tonkunst there. He studied for a period with Heinrich Kaminski: one is surprised, in view of Orff's mature style, how little he was influenced by this profound German polyphonist. In 1925 he participated in the foundation of the Günther-Schule, an institute for gymnastics, rhythmic, music, and dance, where he became director of the 'rhythmical education' department. His preoccupation with rhythm and percussion instruments, which was to become the principal feature of his music, derives from his teaching there: in a series of choral pieces with instrumental accompaniment written on texts by Werfel and Brecht, the accompanying 'orchestra' consists of various percussion instruments including three pianos. The style is outspokenly anti-romantic; he states himself in the foreword to this collection that his music 'seeks to establish connection with that spiritual attitude which will lead away from the subjectivism and isolation of the individual to a stringent and generally valid collective experience'.

Nineteen thirty-three and after had no adverse effect on his career. Orff's music seems to have been found reliable in *Weltanschauung* by the official arbiters of the decontaminated Aryan-Teutonic culture. There were no decadent tonal experiments; and his insistence on naked rhythm might well be considered the natural expression of *Kraft durch Freude* and of the resurgent racial instincts of blood and soil. Nor were signs of official esteem and encouragement lacking: the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin were regarded as a first-class opportunity to demonstrate the achievements of the Third Reich, and Orff, commissioned to write music for the ceremonial opening, responded with his 'Olympische Reigen'. Since 1950 he has been professor of composition at the State Academy of Music in his native city.

The first performance of 'Carmina Burana' in 1937 marks Orff's general recognition, and from that time onwards he devoted himself exclusively to the problems of the musical stage. His approach is entirely original: he had rejected the current operatic traditions and sought to achieve a synthesis of the recently devised *Lehrstück* form and the style of the classical Greek theatre; in consequence the musical stage became a means of conveying a moral precept or a spiritual attitude of universal significance. The allegory of 'Die Kluge' (1941-42) is said to conceal a problem of urgent contemporary relevance: Orff's satirical treatment of the tyrant's story has been put forward by an apologist as his spiritual resistance against the oppression of the Hitler régime.

His personal idiom came to maturity with 'Carmina Burana, a scenic cantata'; his later compositions differ from it only in degree but not in essential qualities. There is an increasing tendency to reject everything he considers unessential, and the consequent terseness of idiom and economy of expressive means have led him to a decidedly ascetic manner of speech from a language that was austere even at his beginnings. Since the fundamental attributes of his style—and intellectual attitude—are clearly evident in this work, a short examination of it will, it is hoped, supply the key to Orff's musical character.

These 'Profane Songs' take their name and texts from a famous thirteenth-century MS. anthology of medieval secular lyrics. The volume is principally a literary source written in medieval Latin and Old German. The poems are extremely profane, lascivious even, and the whole is permeated with an unmistakably pagan spirit and licentious vitality, so typical of transitional periods of which the thirteenth century was one.

The selected songs included in the cantata are complemented by two dances; the opening invocation to Fortuna is repeated at the end to

secure formal balance. The parallel between the prevailing aesthetic attitude and Orff's musical idiom is significant. His methods are deliberately naive and primitive: instead of breadth and organic development, his melodic invention consists of an endless repetition of short rhythmic motives often showing a conspicuously narrow range, which are doubtless inspired by the accents of the spoken word. Viewed in isolation they are not without charm, especially those which follow the melodic patterns of plainsong or folk-tunes, but they possess no artistically satisfying consequence.

Similarly, Orff's music is almost entirely destitute of counterpoint: real polyphony is replaced by ostinatos and by a kind of rhythmic counterpoint in which various patterns of the subdivided beat are set against one another. Yet there are frequent alterations of metre; this is again entirely dependent on the prosody of the text, but here, too, the effect is spoiled by the senseless repetition of unimportant words. The voice is at first confined to declamation or to psalmodising recitative; beginning with the section that contains the vernacular settings, there is, however, more real melodic life, inspired by the characteristic simplicity of folk-song.

Orff's harmonic schemes are unadventurous: chord-progression consists mostly of some basic formula, and there are long passages over static harmony. The tonality is everywhere clear: modal writing predominates, and dissonances are cautiously used. Except in the purely instrumental dances, the orchestra has no independent life: its use is largely confined to supporting the voices and punctuating the declamation. In spite of the rather colourless texture, a relatively large orchestra is called for, including a sizeable percussion department.

In Orff's later works the orchestra is reduced almost entirely to percussion instruments—sometimes requiring sixteen players—which require a corresponding adjustment and concentration in the vocal writing: the declamation becomes more lapidary, and increasing use is made of *Sprechstimme*, both unaccompanied and in combination with percussion.

Orff's preoccupation with rhythm invites comparison with Stravinsky and with the folk-music school in general. Though the latter's work undeniably exercised a great influence on his style, Orff derives his patterns from the prosody of the words: his aim is, principally, to put the declaiming voice in greater relief. Stravinsky's rhythmic idiom—and to an even greater extent Bartók's—is inconceivable without the underlying folk-music impulses.

Yet a judgment of historical perspective could not deny greatness to Orff's music, provided the artist's ability to convey the spirit of his times were regarded as its exclusive measure.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

FULL FLAVOUR

TOO FEW of us experiment with all the full-flavoured vegetables of the onion family: the garlic, the varieties of onions, the leeks and chives. 'It's the smell!' you may say. But in these modern times there are preparations to remove all traces. As for hands, after chopping up onions and the like, first rub your hands with salt under running cold water, then wash them.

An important point about onions and their relations is that they are cheap, especially if you remember that a little goes a long way, and for those who like a mild flavour there are Spanish onions. Have you made onion soup? Or a hot, creamy, onion sauce to serve with cold meat? For the more exotic, there are recipes which include frying onions with apples.

But perhaps you still think all that sounds too strong? Well then, use leeks instead. Try them braised, or baked, or served with a sauce, and tomatoes. Chives are another mild vegetable—they are eaten raw. Pick the green leaves, wash them, and snip them into tiny pieces to decorate salads, egg dishes, and soups. Do not be too liberal. They make a popular sandwich spread, too, with cream cheese and tomato.

The whole secret of garlic is not to use too much of it. You have probably all heard that a mere wipe around the bowl with one small cut segment is enough to flavour a whole salad. A French friend of mine told me an even better idea. Instead of rubbing the bowl she rubs the garlic on to a small crust of bread, and tosses that in with the salad for a few minutes, removing it before serving. Incidentally, for those who do not know garlic, it is a white bulb, and inside the outer skin are many small segments, called cloves. Each clove has its own outer peel and can be taken out and used without damaging the rest of the bulb—which should

be kept in a dry, preferably dark, place—away from other foods.

Some other suggestions for garlic: try rubbing a cut clove on to the plate on which you are serving slices of cold meat. Rub it—very lightly—over the breakfast toast before you add tomatoes, or scrambled egg, or bacon. Those are only mild beginnings—do not overdo them. If they are approved, you can get bolder and crush, or chop and fry, garlic into various meat or vegetable dishes—generally, it is used with onions too. The flavour should be so faint that it is hardly distinguishable.

This is the time of year for hot, thick soups. To make them even more satisfying, toss in some garlic croutons just before you serve it. To make them cut in half one peeled clove of garlic, and put it into about a tablespoon or so of oil—leave it for several minutes to flavour the oil. Then remove it. And fry some cubes of bread in the garlic-flavoured oil—not too much oil—till they are sizzling hot and just beginning to brown. They not only look good floating on top of the soup but they taste perfect.

LOUISE DAVIES

PREVENTING CHILBLAINS

If you tend to have chilblains you must try to prevent chilling of the hands and feet in every way you can. Getting rid of draughts by attention to doors and windows and by suitable screening may make a great deal of difference. It is no use warming yourself by a fire while cold air flowing under the settee makes the feet feel like lumps of ice. That is the sort of thing that causes chilblains—a lot of heat applied to the outside when you are thoroughly chilled all over, and you are thoroughly chilled all over if your feet are cold, because the body's heat-regulating system works all over at once.

Try to get warmed up by exercise to begin with, the same way that cabbies used to do by slapping their arms round their chests, and get your body warmed up slowly and steadily all over at the same time. Wear clothes that give you warmth round your shoulders, arms, hips and thighs in addition to keeping your hands and feet warm.

If you can, have a warm bath before getting into a bed already warmed by two or three hot-water bottles; you should not let these touch your feet unless you have covers on the bottles or bedsocks on your feet. One of the finest presents you can give a chilblain sufferer is an electric blanket because of its diffused warmth.

It is true that calcium and vitamin D have a reputation for preventing or relieving chilblains, but all the vitamins in the alphabet will not clear your chilblains unless at the same time you pay proper attention to keeping yourself warm all over in the right way.

A SPECIALIST

Notes on Contributors

MATTHEW HALTON (page 165): European correspondent of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation

T. T. PATERSON (page 167): Senior Lecturer in Industrial Relations, Glasgow University

CLAUDE MULLINS (page 171): Metropolitan Police Court Magistrate, 1931-1947; author of *Fifteen Years Hard Labour*, etc.

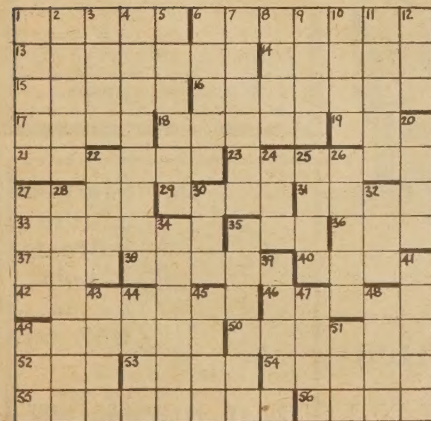
BASIL TAYLOR (page 172): art historian and lecturer at the Royal College of Art; author of *French Painting and Gainsborough*

REV. T. W. MANSON (page 176): Rylands Professor of Biblical Criticism and Exegesis, Manchester University; author of *The Beginning of the Gospel*, *The Sayings of Jesus*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,187. Elysian Kennel Club. By Babs

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, February 5



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Only the consonants of the answers are to be inserted in the diagram, the vowels being supplied in correct order in the clues. 21A, 36A, 42A, 7D and 28D are usually hyphenated.

CLUES

Dogs come here when they die. We have all 15A (a)—from lap-dogs, reared amidst the 3D (a) and bombazines of 55 (e) Victorian ladies, to 35A (a i a e) 21A (o o u) from the home of some unemployed 22D (a i a); some ravenous 44D (e e e), with no time to be 8D (a a y i), and, 16A (i a e a y) opposite in temperament, 47D (o e) for whom a dog's 45D (i e) is a collection of choice pieces over which to display their 34D (e i i l y). We have some with real 27D (i e) in their voices, and 7D (o u i a) cure who 1D (o i a e) in 6A (e a i e) tones; the bulldog from the mock-27D (o u i) outer suburb, the 26D (a e) sheepdog, the Alsatian who causes a 10D (a a e) by his partiality for chicken, (neighbours always 51D (o a e), Alsatians, and 18A (o e u e) to recover their 17A (o e)), the mongrel scrounger who meets a shower of 3D (o o e), with somebody's old 20D (a a) as 42A (a e i e)—we have them all.

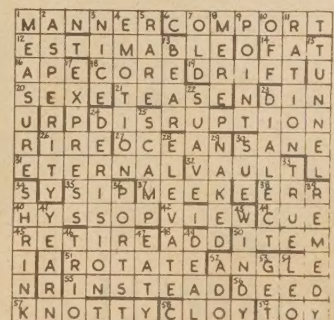
Notabilities, too, like three-headed 52 (e y o)'s two-headed pet. It's no use trying that brute up with a 43D (a y); you'll have to 39D (e i) him with a reef-knot. Alcibiades' dog is here, 51A (u a i e), so to speak, so that his master might seem merely a 46A (e e o o) tail-56A (e a e) by 23A (o a i o) with your traitors, 35D (a i i e) and other such criminals. There goes 49D (a o), slow as a 12D (a i); while 17A (u y e) was away coping with his 54A (a a) of troubles, touring the 13A (e i a e a), and making his 28D (e u i) to the Underworld, 49D (a o) 53A (e i e); but as soon as 17A (u y e) had returned from foreign 25D (a a) and 49A (e o e) his native shore, 49A (a o) suffered a fatal 33A (e a i)—the 42D (o e) went to his heart, and he expired with a 52A (o a).

Here is Miss Keeldar's mastiff; did 40A (i e y) scratch a Russian to find this 27A (a a)? 25D (e i a), too, after whom 41D (a e a e) named a city. And 32D (u a), 'fleetest hound in all the North', who caused King James to 18A (e e u e) the 29A (o u a) with 5D (u i e) 49D (a e). Here is one you won't know unless Ossian was in your

11D (y a u)—51D (u a), favourite of the Irish 50A (u i), and not to be confused with 51D (u a), the ploughman's collier who swopped 47D (e o i e) with Caesar. (Perhaps it's time you 53A (e o e) your Burns.)

1A (o a a) here had 'all the virtues of man without his vices', but presumably it was owner 37A (y o) who carried the whistle. This is little 24D (u i), who figures in a couple of 4D (o o)'s 38A (o a o y) effusions, than which nothing could be 48D (u e). One of the bravest of 17A (a e), she tried to save a friend trapped under a 36A (i e o e). And this is 30D (e i) of the 'liquid, melancholy eye', 56A (a e), for four years, of the life of yet another poet, 31A (a o). Last, but not least, we have 5D (e e), prince of baby-6D (i e); 14A (e y), never a 48D (a i e), slew him because of the 3D (a i) round his mouth, but on hearing childish 19A (o) from behind the 20D (u i a) in the garden, began to 27A (o u e) himself for having been so 52A (e e).

Solution of No. 1,185



NOTES

All clues (except 37, from Scott's *Kenilworth*) are taken from the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Mrs. Ina Prentice (Bristol, 8); 2nd prize: Miss F. E. Sanderson (Great Wymondley); 3rd prize: W. Purbrick (Wallington).

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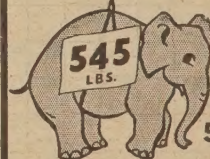
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